SHOWTIME

THE TOP **FILM** MONTHLY
MAY 1967 1/-

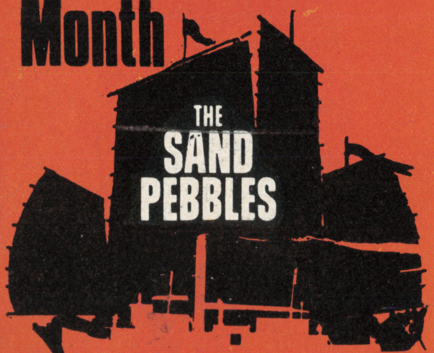
- **Film Serial**
  PAUL NEWMAN
  as HOMBRE ⇨

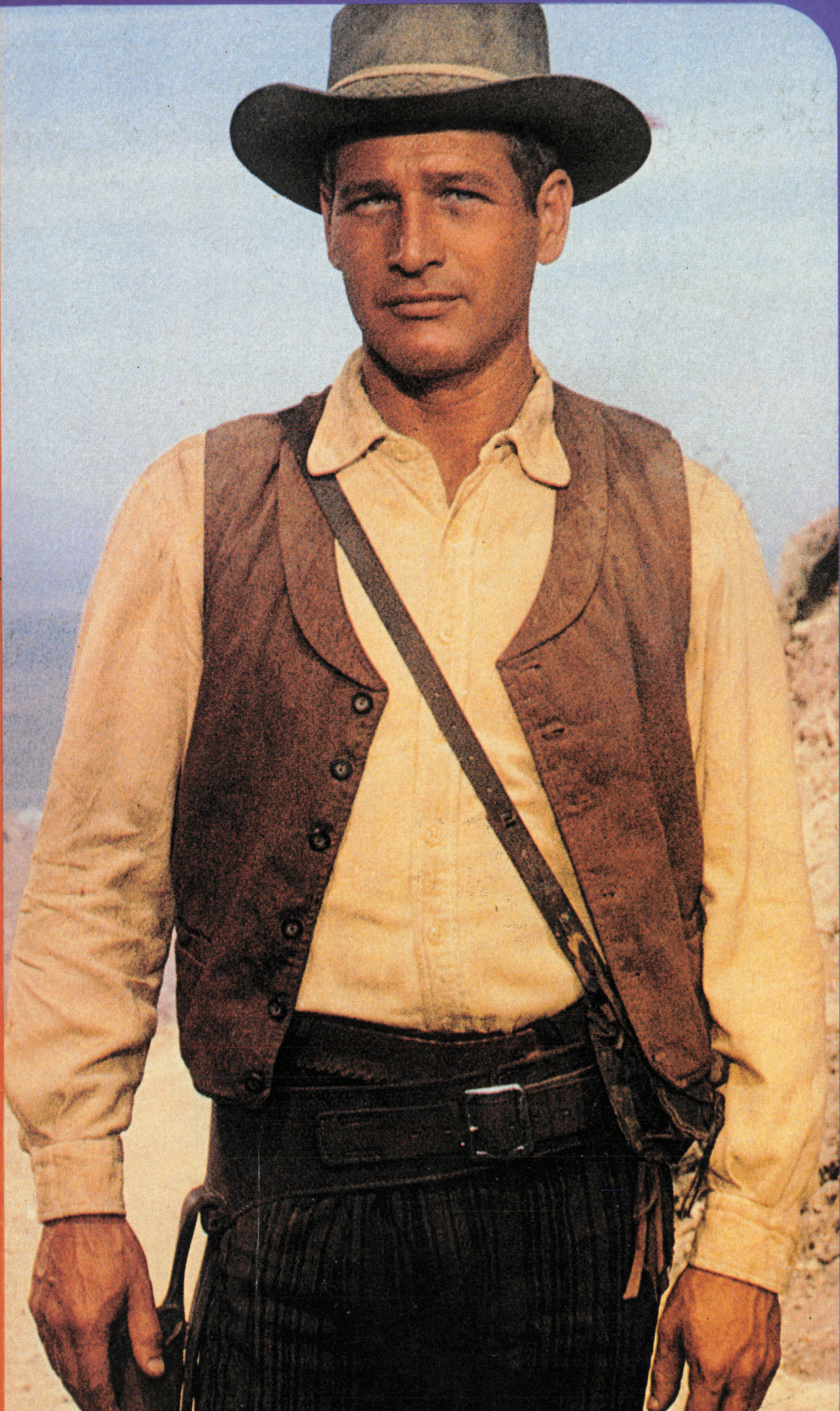
- **ALBERT FINNEY**
  Today

- **Dating a**
  CASINO ROYALE
  Girl

- **In colour**
  OLIVER REED

- **Film of the**
  Month





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MAY 1967—No. 41 (Vol. 4, No. 5)

SHOWTIME

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Senior Art Editor **Edwin Gillbe** ● *Art Editor* **Michael Alkins**
Advertisement Manager: **June Crockford**

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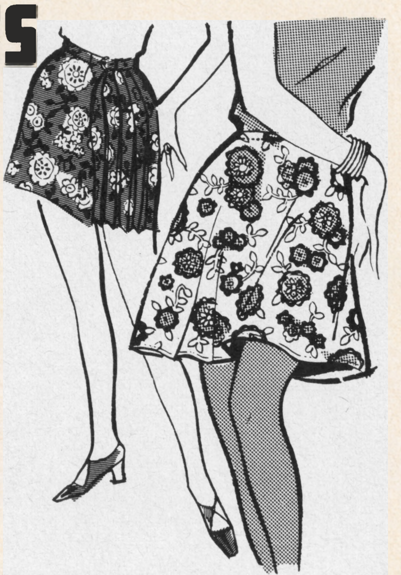

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DOLLY TALK
eye talk
GROOVY TALK

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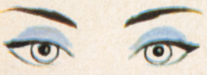
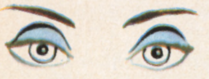
needs words?
One look from
these eyes
says it all

Your eyes are tell-tales. They gossip away to anyone who catches their glance. Talking in a different way as your mood switches. Sometimes soft and dreamy. Sometimes bold and bright. That's why Max Factor's eye make-up range is mood-blended in lots and lots of different tones And now there are three new wonderful Max Factor products – Shadow Play powder eye shadow, Brush n' Brow brush-on eyebrow make-up, and gentle Double Action Fluid Eye Make-up Remover.

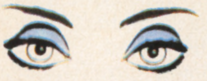
Dolly Talk



Define eyebrows with Brownish-Black Eye Pencil. Apply Soft Blue Shadow Play onto eyelid – higher in the centre – and immediately behind lower lashes.

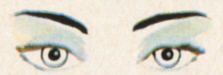


Lightly stroke on Brownish-Black Eye Pencil to define crease between upper and lower lid. Draw the line higher in the centre of the crease to emphasise the round look of the eyes.

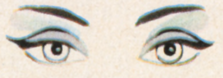


Apply Black Cake Mascara to lashes. Finish off with Black Fashion Lashes. To give extra roundness, add another pair, trimmed shorter, onto lower lashes.

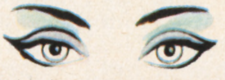
Groovy Talk



Define eyebrows with Midnight-Brown Brush n' Brow. Blend Willow Green Shadow Play onto upper lid. Stroke Lilac Shadow Stick onto lower lid.

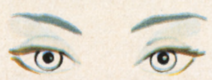


Brush-stroke Black Cake Liner in crease between upper and lower lid, and use the same liner to draw a line sweeping upward and outward immediately behind upper lashes and below lower lashes, leaving a slight gap between lashes and line.

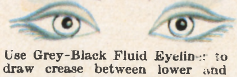


Curl and strengthen lashes with Black Lashful, using an upward sweeping motion to continue the trend of eyeshadow and lines.

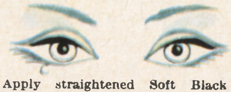
Moody Talk



Define eyebrows with Smokey Grey Brush n' Brow. Apply Platinum Frost Shadow Creme onto upper eyelid. Use Cloud White Shadow Play on lower eyelid, extended slightly towards outer corner.



Use Grey-Black Fluid Eyeliner to draw crease between lower and upper eyelid, downward sweeping lines behind upper lashes and underneath lower lashes. Also draw pretend lashes continuing downward sweep at outer corner. Fill in with Cloud White Shadow Play.



Apply straightened Soft Black Fashion Lashes from centre of upper eyelid, extended outwards. Stick on bead tear or jewel – or draw tear drop with Black Pencil filled in with Cloud White Shadow Play.

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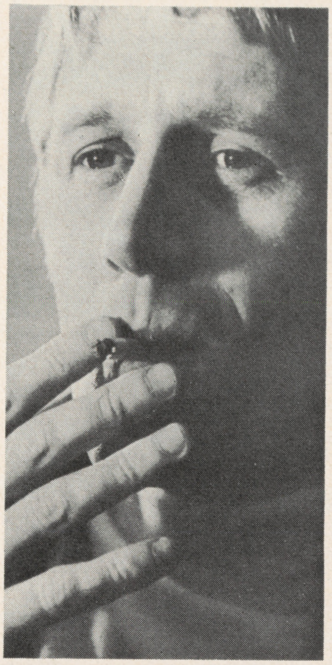
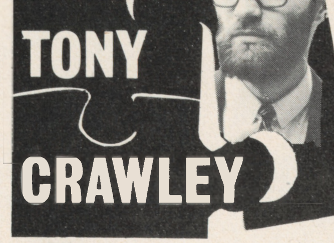




TONY CRAWLEY

The Young Ones

Film-making is expensive. Therefore, new directors—however vital to the industry—are a rarity. This is a rare trio, then—new, good, and what's more important, young.

Peter Collinson, director of the year's shock film, *The Penthouse*, is 28, lanky, casual and fair-haired; an English Steve McQueen. He has the best show business background outside of the Redgraves: brought up in the Actors' Orphanage, started work in the theatre line at 14, then assistant stage manager in the West End, juvenile lead in repertory, and comic stooge to Bill Fraser! Now he has awards galore from TV and stage work in Dublin and London, a riverside Georgian house and a Bentley from the fat fees of TV-ads. "Debasing my art? Nonsense! They're strictly the commercial side of my work, giving me the financial freedom to wait for the things I want to do." His waiting days are no more. He's taken a little-known play and scripted it and filmed it exactly as he wanted to—without stars! Instead he gave against-the-grain breaks to four relative newcomers. In effect, then, he's creating the very animal he distrusts—the star. "No matter! However big they may become I feel my cast will still continue to trust me in the future." Not such an idle hope, perhaps, for there was an astonishing unity of mind and purpose between Collinson and his players.

This affinity of faith helped him to smash the Twickenham Studio record for the amount of usable film shot in a day. The record was 9½ minutes; now it is 14½. Collinson knows what he wants and gets it by any means; reverse-psychology predominately. His script nearly gave Suzy Kendall a nervous breakdown . . . but proved her untapped dramatic talent. He gave Martine Beswick ("who has only had to grunt before in films") a four-minute speech on her first day's work. He refused to give Terence Morgan any close-ups for a week so that when he did, the actor really made it count!

Then came a crucial scene in which the two strange invaders of Morgan and Suzy's love-nest begin a weird party. To attain the exact mood, Collinson literally closed the set, and let the players loose inside with a crate of champagne! He shot the "wild" result with hand-cameras . . . and then provided cars to take his sozzled cast home!

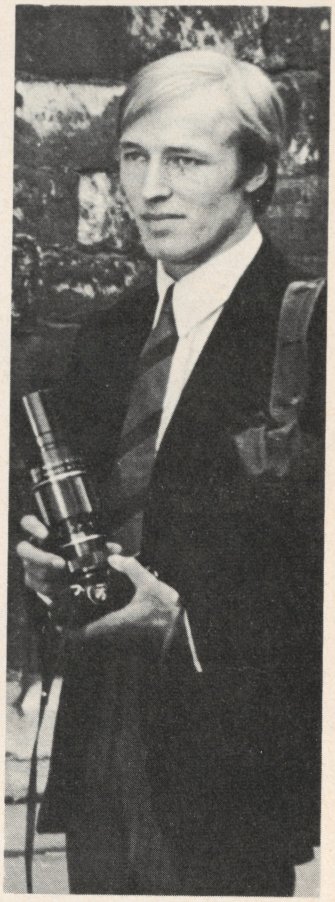
The film itself is too complex to capsule here. The moral is more simple, and a new one for the British cinema: *If you break the moral code, don't complain when others do the same—even if they do hurt you in the process.* Think on that!

Next on this very interesting new director's schedule is *Up The Junction*— the film he has been battling to make since he bought it last year after the controversial TV screening. "I saw the play and thought: *'What a b—— marvellous film!'* Being such an innocent, however, I ran into nothing but trouble when trying to find a company to make it for. They either wanted it terribly commercial, or full of peasants, or as a musical. But I kept holding on—it had cost me £5,000 after all. In fact, it was not until I had started *Penthouse*, and just one day before my rights were due to lapse, that I finally found a company. The trouble simply was that the big boys wanted the big pie and were quite happy to take it from a 'nobody'."

Michael Reeves is 23, prone to long hair and lengthy discussions on films, old and new. His British debut is a new Boris Karloff shaker, *The Sorcerers*, produced by Tony Tenser and Patrick Curtis. Pat is Raquel Welch's manager-husband, and even he stands in some awe of young Michael's film-knowledge. Most film *buffs* talk, write and spout on film-theory, but never get involved with film-making. Reeves is involved and loves it.

He proved his worth when he salvaged a horror film which was going awry in Italy. So the producer let him direct his next one—*Revenge Of The Blood Beast*. "Wasn't much better! Though when I got home I found one London critic eulogising over it! Actually I was rewriting the script every night, sending it up." Starring in both Reeves films is rising English actor Ian Ogilvy (one of TV's *Liars*). "Ian and I were at school together and he starred in all the 8 mm movies I made at 15."

A clue to whether or not Reeves is pleased with his films lies in his official credit. "*Blood Beast* was '*directed by Mike Reeves*', but when I'm pleased with the result, it says '*by Michael Reeves*'." That, then, is the end of Mike Reeves!



Mike Sarne *(real name: Michael Scheuer) is 26 and too successful by far! Best known as a pop-singer, which he isn't any more, he had studied acting in Vienna, made films in Germany, Italy and France, understudied Bob Monkhouse in panto and gave Julia Lockwood her first screen kiss. Since then he has appeared in other films such as* Sink The Bismarck, On The Fiddle, *and* A Place To Go, *dabbled in all kinds of TV programmes, and taken up film criticism and photography. Now he has written, produced and directed his own film—and co-starred with Brigitte Bardot in* Two Weeks In September. *See what I mean?* Far too successful!

Like any sane member of the male species he adored filming with Bardot ("when we kissed . . . we kissed!"). It would be interesting to hear what BB thinks of his first film, an amusing anti-travelogue about her own neck of the Riviera woods, The Road To St. Tropez. *Mike's girl, Gabriella Licudi, was among his small cast, and will no doubt be in his next, "a kind of female* Alfie." *Then comes the film of his own novel,* The Three Lives Of Nigel Knelland. *Oh yes, didn't I mention it? Mike's a novelist as well!*

Title trouble

Director Michael Winner is making his third film with Oliver Reed as the star. Sounds a simple enough news-announcement, doesn't it? But . . .

When Hollywood announced the news, they called the film: *Andrew Quint's Last Goodbye*. Then when their London office released the news, they called it: *The Takers*.

But when Mike told me about it two months ago he called it something else. Happily, when he started shooting, he won the battle to retain the rather cute original title: *I'll Never Forget What'sisname*.

DETECTING FRANK

Frank Sinatra is joining the ranks of the screen 'tecs. He's just signed for two films with 20th Century-Fox—both vastly different from his last Fox fling, *Can-Can*. He'll play *The Detective*, from the best-selling novel. But first he goes to Miami for the title role in *Shamus*—which just happens to be American slang for . . . detective!

But I wonder if he'll agree to star in the film of a new book called *The King*. This comes from the same publishers as *Valley Of The Dolls* and they regard it as being "even more sensational and controversial". They have a point. . . .

The King is a snappy gent named Harry Orlando, and his story is a rise from slums to super-success. Says the book's lavish publicity: "He's the king of singers, lover of starlets, leader of men and friend of Presidents. He's the biggest and the best—and he won't let anybody forget it for a minute."

It doesn't take much detecting to discover which star Harry is based on.

Question remains, will Sinatra star—or sue?

HH

. . . is for

HALLY HAMMOND

Or is it? Hally Hammond is really a very beauteous example of the new Italian film tradition — changing stars' names to make them appear more American. In her previous films, Hally retained her real name: Lorella de Luca. But to advertise a Western called *A Pistol For Ringo* starring Lorella de Luca is a bit of a joke. Hence her pseudonym. Incidentally the man playing *Ringo*, Montgomery Wood, is really . . . Giuliano Gemma.

Tale of a Bugle

Remember the bugle which Montgomery Clift blew so well in that fine film, *From Here To Eternity*? Seems it has been blown ever since, and has lately aided the Actors' Studio in New York . . .

After the film, Monty Clift gave the instrument to an actor buddy called Faith Dane. He then made good use of it for four years or more in the Broadway and various touring productions of the musical, *Gypsy*.

Finally, Faith gave the bugle up for charity. It was auctioned at a recent party organised by the Paul Newmans in aid of their alma mater, the famous Actors' Studio, home of the Method-ists.

Comic Bill Cosby acted as auctioneer—and the *Eternity* bugle went for a song to Italian singer Sergio Franchi. Price? £200. And the bugle's future? "I shall make use of it in my cabaret act," says Sergio.

Home Movies

Some big film names are winning the battle against having to get up so early to go to the studios. They're staying at home . . .!

Dean Martin uses his own house for some scenes in *Band Of Gold*—and now our Stanley Baker has done likewise for his (Great Train) *Robbery* film. Stan's homework called for him to make screen love to Joanna Pettet in his own marital bed. So Stan didn't even have to get up at all . . . only his wife had to do that!

Major debut

Good news for all those readers who write to me asking when Lee Majors will make a film. He is—now. The handsome, blond cowpoke from TV's *Big Valley* makes the big screen transition in Charlton Heston's Western, *Will Penny*.

Brotherly Love!

I thought it was only sisters who had feuds. Not so. Stuart Whitman's brother, Kip, 21, has started his screen career in Devil's Angels *with Beverly Adams. Asked if he considered big brother Stu opposition, Kip lipped: "Not at all. I'll just take all the parts Stu can't handle—the younger ones!"*

Max 'n' I

When I asked the austere Swedish star Max Von Sydow if it was true he was planning to make another film with Julie Andrews, he shook his head gravely. That was three months ago. Now I hear he has bought a comedy script called Champagne Suite. *And he wants his* Hawaii *director George Roy Hill and Julie to make it with him. Perhaps I gave him the idea?*

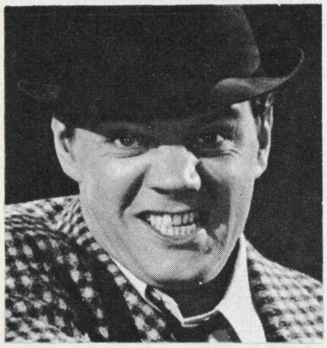
Happenings . . . .

Everyone—but everyone—is after Lynn Redgrave. They'll have to wait though, until she's completed *Smashing Times*, her comedy project with Rita Tushingham which has been postponed too long for her to shelve again. Then it looks as if James Fox will win Lynn for his *The Old Youngsters* . . .

THE discovery of last year, Alan Arkin, switches from comedy to thuggery, and terrorises poor Audrey Hepburn in *Wait Until Dark*—a neat casting idea from director Terence Young . . .

Katherine Hepburn's niece—Katherine Houghton—plays her daughter in Katie's come-back film, *Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?* Sidney Poitier, that's who.

Beatle-producer Walter Shenson is keen to import Jerry Lewis for *Don't Raise The Bridge, Lower The Water* . . . Elke Sommer is suffering from *The Wicked Dreams Of Paul Schultz* . . . Whacky times ahead for James Coburn as *The President's Analyst* . . .



Believe it or not, this overweight fellow is Denmark's answer to 007—a spy named Fred! Morten Grunwald is the star and his spy send-ups—*Strike First, Freddy* and *Relax, Freddy*—are a riot in Europe and the States. So far no one has bought them for Britain. "No wonder," says Morten. "If that other secret agent fellow saw them, he'd bust his sides laughing—and resign!" That's fightin' talk!

Dirk Bogarde and Vanessa Redgrave have a co-starring date in January . . .

Tony Curtis has good-looks opposition from husky John Richardson in the Italian farce, *On My Way To The Crusades, I Met A Girl Who* . . . is Monica Vitti . . .

Peter Cook goes all dramatic in *A Dandy In Aspic*, with Laurence Harvey and Mia Farrow.

Spy round-up: Dino Martin and Mike Caine have now made their third films as Matt Helm and Harry Palmer. Rod Taylor and David Niven are due for their second as Boysie Oakes and Dr. Jason Love. But Richard Johnson will be *The Eliminator* before he's Bulldog Drummond again. Meanwhile, whatever happened to Modesty Blaise . . .?

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50 HOLIDAYS IN MAJORCA OR £50 CASH

5,000 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 10/- CINEMA TICKET VOUCHERS

HURRY

COMPETITION CLOSES ON MAY 6th

NOT THE 3rd APRIL–Remember the new closing date is May 6th!

THE DEFIANT ONE

Meet Mireille Darc—Miss Defiant, they call her in Paris. Four years ago she appeared in a comedy with Bardot; interesting, because today, 14 films later, it is Mireille who is the trendsetter, the prototype of new French girl. Trousered or mini-skirted, mini-sweatered and mini-bosomed; lithe, free and easy. Only slightly transitional from the original BB image, maybe, but enough. The hair is cut; the child-woman is no longer a child, but awake and aware, having neither money nor problems. A great hit in London as *Galia*, Mireille recently made *A Blonde In Peking*, a thriller in Hong Kong with Edward G. Robinson, and another in Beirut, *The Big Caper*, with Hardy Kruger. Now she's playing a strip-teaser. She'll wear her usual costume—her skin. Perhaps she hasn't progressed from BB so very much after all!

Mick solves his problem—and catches up on lost time!

SMASH!
THAT WAS A GREAT GAME MICK. LET'S ASK THOSE TWO GIRLS IF THEY WANT TO PLAY.
THINKS I'M WASTING MY TIME WITH GIRLS, WITH THESE SPOTS.
SORRY DAVE, I HAVE TO GO.
HE'S NOT BAD LOOKING - APART FROM THOSE AWFUL SPOTS.
HE COULD EASILY DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM
YOU KNOW MICK, YOU COULD GET RID OF THOSE SPOTS WITH TACKLE IT HELPS CLEAR SPOTS FAST AND IT'S INVISIBLE. NICE AND COOL ON YOUR SKIN, LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE.
LATER....
WOW, TACKLE WORKS FAST- MY SPOTS ARE CLEARING UP ALREADY.
HEY MICK! SEE YOU AT THE CLUB TONIGHT.
REMEMBER WE WERE GOING TO THE PICTURES MICK.
THINKS SHOULD HAVE STARTED USING TACKLE BEFORE.
TACKLE
MEDICATED CLEAR GEL FOR MEN
CHECKS SKIN INFECTION, AND HELPS CLEAR SPOTS, BLACKHEADS AND ACNE FAST INVISIBLE, NON-GREASY, COOL AND REFRESHING -USE IT LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE
TACKLE MEDICATED CLEAR GEL
FOR PIMPLES BLACKHEADS OILY SKIN
CLEAR YOUR SPOTS THE MAN'S WAY-GET TACKLE

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As the easy going Canadian with a nose for minefields and a genius for trouble

The steely, contemptuous leader whose hatred for the enemy went deeper than orders

GUY STOCKWELL

Silent, charming, ruthless, a good soldier—and a dangerous enemy

NIGEL GREEN

As the British Officer commanding- whose popularity was questionable but whose leadership was undisputed

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....AGE.................. H/S/1

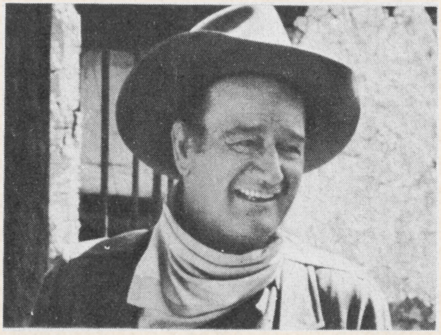
HOLLYWOOD

NIGHT OUT for Tony Curtis and his lovely German wife, Christine. They met quite a few pals . . .

Look who's here! →

THIS MONTH:

A big film anniversary for DUKE



IT'S a big Hollywood Anniversary. And I do mean BIG. John Wayne has completed 38 years in films. Not even Cary Grant can top that! And Wayne, who started life with the unlikely name of Marion Michael Morrison, has understandably been quite happy to have people call him "Duke" all that time.

It was on 28th April, 1929, that Wayne was really born, screen-wise that is, in, needless to say, a Western, *The Big Trail*. He had, in fact, been noticed a mite earlier and befriended by his still close friend, John Ford, the director. Ford had liked the look of the tall, tough youth working as a prop. man on one of his films, and had given him a bit part in a film called *Hangman's House*.

But it was another great outdoor-action director, Raoul Walsh, who gave Duke his first star part—in *The Big Trail*—and his new star name. The film wasn't so successful, as it happened, and Wayne slipped into near obscurity—even though he became the record industry's first singing cowboy with his *Singing Sam* series. Then Ford came back to the rescue with a story called *Stagecoach*. The rest, as they say, is history, Hollywood history, and Wayne has been on the big trail ever since. His name and his image have stayed put at the top through more than 200 films.

The setting for these films is fairly routine: rapid-fire action, a panoply of roguish characters, the clash of rough, desperate men for survival, and always a heap of earthy, masculine humour. But how exactly does he see his image? "A man who lives by a code of his own," drawls the Duke in reply.

"Sympathetic? Yeah—but whether he's good or bad depends on the audience's point of view. He's usually outside the law, leastways as the law was then written in the books. This is not always his fault, though; he's often the victim of circumstances or past mistakes. But he always has his moral code and he lives by it."

Such is the image continued into Duke's latest Western, *The War Wagon*—directed by Burt Kennedy, man behind *The Return Of The Seven*. Wayne plays a quiet rancher obsessed with a plan to destroy the man who, in order to legally annex Wayne's land and the gold found on it, framed him into jail.

TO page 17

NEWSLETTER

The world's best-known Egyptian, Omar Sharif, squiring the fragile-looking Yvette Mimieux.

Gregory Peck accompanied, as always, by his ever-lovin' French wife, Veronique.

Sand Pebble Steve McQueen winning admiring glances from all around—including his wife, Neile.

But wise man Hugh O'Brian steadfastly refused to name his date. Her name and phone number remain a secret. Can you blame him?

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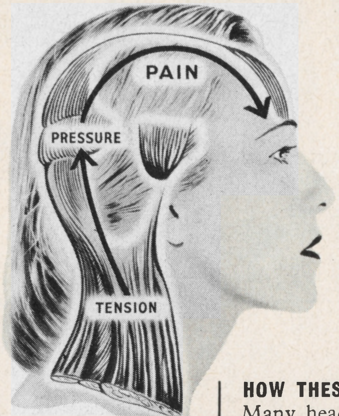

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David and Eric Aylott know better than anyone that Eyelashes are as personal as hairstyles, different for *every* face. So they make more types, more styles of lash than anyone else. At their fabulous new Trylash Bar you'll be able to see just what dramatic fur does for you—or fine real hair, or luxurious double-density lashes. We can't promise they'll all suit you, we do know one pair at least will give you that 'Where's the camera' feeling the i-girls know!

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STARDOM FOR OUR TRAILER GIRL

DAVID MAGNUS/rex

Virginia North is the lively, raven-haired poppet with the hazel eyes we chose to spread the word about our holiday contest in our last Showtime promotion film; and judging from the entries, she did a very good job indeed. Many people, particularly the shopkeepers along the mini-skirted Kings Road in Chelsea, near where she lives, have recognised her from our film. This she finds a little embarrassing. "Because I look so terribly innocent in that trailer. Great big wide eyes and trembling mouth."

She has been seen again, of course—and less innocently!—as the girl-friend of Bulldog Drummond's American nephew in *Deadlier Than The Male*. Her film debut. "I was petrified on my first day's work at Pinewood. Really! My hands were like ice and in my first scene I was like a block of wood. So stiff you couldn't bend me. Once that was over, though, I really enjoyed myself. It was a terribly natural part. A young girl—laughing—flirting. Which anyone can do if they're not self-conscious."

Now Virginia has completed a second film—in the more unnatural guise of a sinuous Indian girl in Pinewood's huge spectacular, *The Long Duel*, with Yul Brynner and Trevor Howard. "I studied for two months with an Indian girl—a fantastic dancer! It is difficult, but if you study every day you can pick it up. Worst thing was the music. Unlike our music, theirs has a very indefinite beat. It is there, but you cannot find it. 'Can't you hear it?' they say. It is all right for them, *they* know!"

Virginia, an Anglo-American ("very confusing background") is, like her mother, an ex-model.

"Truthfully, I'm glad that modelling is behind me," says Virginia. "It's so boring. You just stand there and pull faces. I did it only because I couldn't think of anything else. I'm not very ambitious.

"I'd like to do another film, though. Something that suits my character. A 1967 sort of woman, perhaps. Though I'm not the swinging, London type. Not at all. I'm sick to death of mini-clothes. I think they are loud and brash; not feminine, not attractive. They draw attention to the clothes themselves, not to the girl in them. Sure, I can wear them—but I'm sick of them.

"And now Paris seems to be following the English look. Where will it end? I think this summer the skirts will go so short they will be indecent. Then in the autumn something drastic will happen. It has got to. We cannot have another winter of freezing thighs and bottoms!"

HOLLYWOOD NEWSLETTER Cont'd

FROM page 13

Duke has made so many Westerns just lately—with his almost repertory company of veteran pals—that his new releases are a trifle muddling on paper. Wayne's sidekick in *The War Wagon* is Kirk Douglas, who teamed with him last year in *Cast A Giant Shadow*. Then Wayne co-starred recently with Robert Mitchum for the first time in *El Dorado* . . . and Kirk then joined forces with Mitchum for *The Way West*, directed by Andrew McLaglen, son of the late Victor, a great Wayne-John Ford buddy. Andy is now starring him in *The Green Beret*—which puts Wayne slap-bang into the latest war to be screen-played: Vietnam.

Meanwhile, as they do in the Westerns, I give the last word to Duke: "I always say I don't play heroes—good guys. I'm never what you'd call a villain, either. The one thing I always make sure about though, is that the guys I play are believable human beings. Can't do no more than that!"

Still out West: Dean Martin surprises in *Rough Night In Jericho;* he's the villain. He beats up Jean Simmons, shoots innocents in the back, hangs his enemies after mock trials, and smiles through it all, before being hunted down by heroic George Peppard. And Dino wishes he'd turned heavy before: "Twice as easy as being a good guy—all I have to do, I guess you could say, is play myself!"

IAN HAYNES

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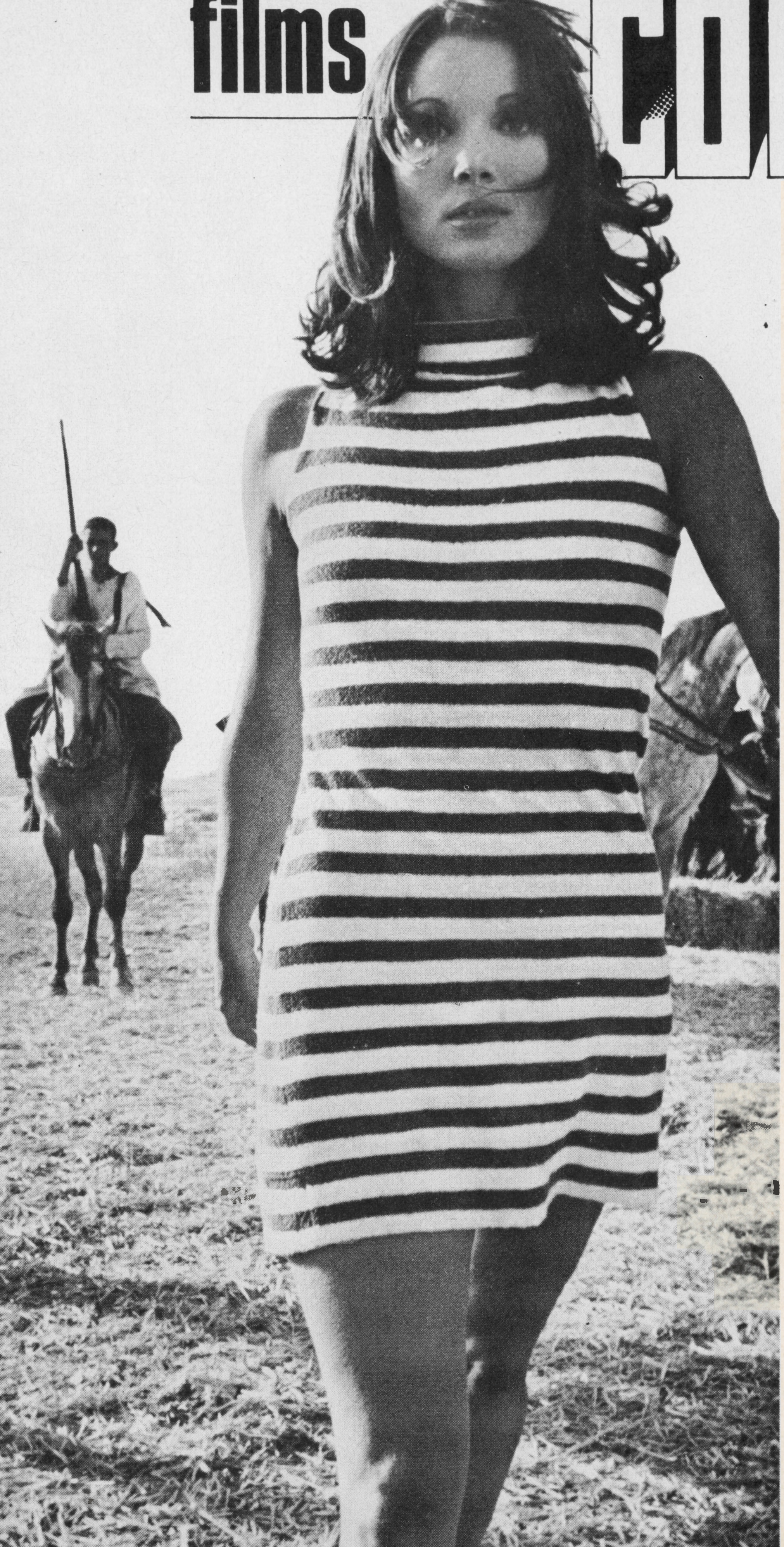
films COMING



MAROC 7

Elsa Martinelli is just one of the stars in this colourful, all-action drama about a magazine fashion editor (Cyd Charisse) who uses her position to disguise her activities as an international gem thief.

Simon Grant (Gene Barry) is the undercover agent assigned to trap her. He forces her to include him in an expedition, ostensibly to take fashion photographs for her magazine, to Morocco. In fact, she is after a medallion of great beauty. Its theft involves Leslie Phillips, as an ace magazine photographer; Denholm Elliott, as a police inspector; and Eric Barker as an eccentric archaeologist.

Elsa? She plays a top model who becomes involved with Gene Barry. And the dramas which ensue.

THE DEADLY AFFAIR

James Mason gives a brilliant performance in this exciting spy thriller based on the novel by John le Carre. Working for MI5, he is sent to make a routine security check on a man in the Foreign Office who is accused of having Communist sympathies.

He discovers that there is no reason to believe the accusation.

However, that night the accused man commits suicide and Mason is instructed to interview his widow (Simone Signoret). She tells Mason that her husband had been depressed by their meeting. There is also a suicide note. But Mason soon has reason to believe the dead man did not

your way

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM

Zero Mostel gives an hilarious performance in this film version of the West End and Broadway show. As a slave in ancient Rome he has his heart set on freedom. He knows, however, that his only chance of getting this is by winning for his young master (Michael Crawford) the affections of a pretty maid (Annette Andre) who is in the clutches of Phil Silvers—and this proves to be no light task.

commit suicide but was murdered.

He reports this back to his chief and is furious when he is told, to avoid further publicity, he is to keep quiet about his suspicions.

But Mason's troubles are only beginning. On his way home he sees a car trailing him and, later, he finds his wife (Harriet Andersson) entertaining an old friend (Maximilian Schell). Soon it becomes obvious to Mason they are having an affair.

This gripping drama is superbly directed by Sidney Lumet. The acting is excellent throughout. Mason has never been better.

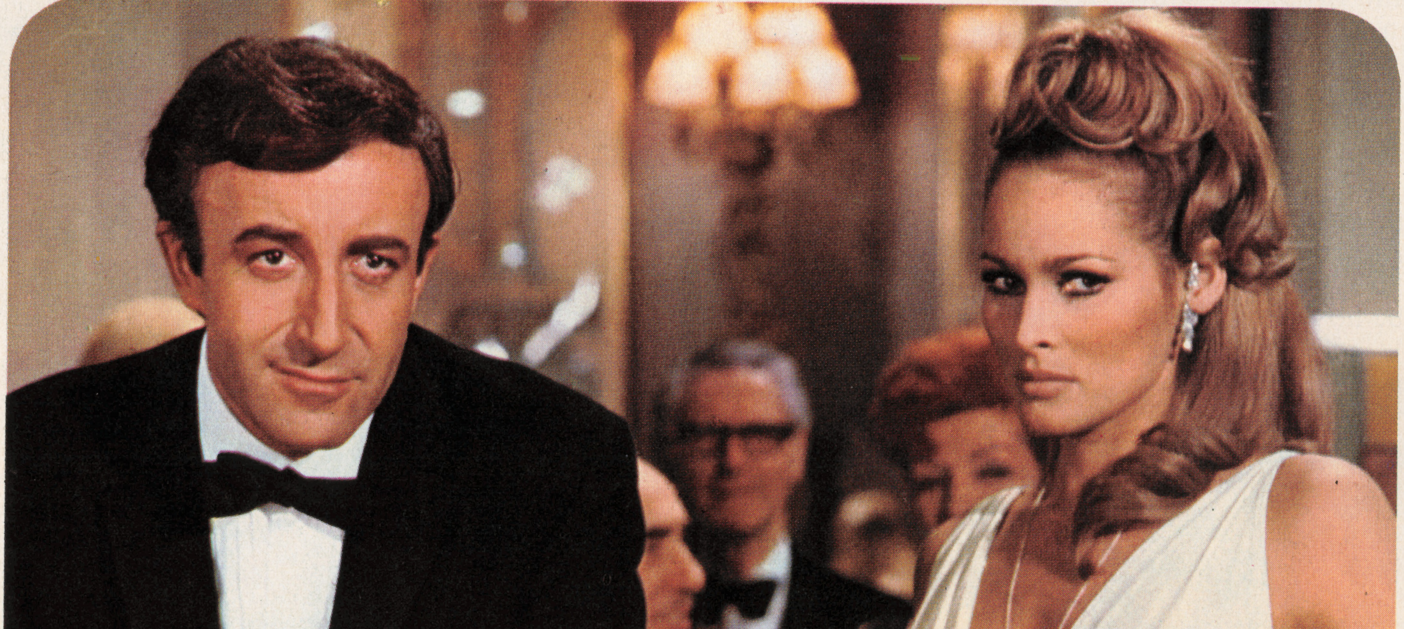
TOBRUK

Rock Hudson has a rough time in *Tobruk*. As Major Donald Craig, an officer of the British Long Range Desert Group in North Africa, he is captured by the Vichy French and put aboard a ship in Algiers to be sent back to France.

Before the ship can sail, however, three German frogmen, led by Kurt Bergman (George Peppard), steal aboard, set the ship on fire and kidnap Craig.

Finding himself in a Swastika-marked aeroplane, Craig manages to get hold of a gun. He is about to turn it on his new captors when he discovers they are of the Special Identification Group made up of German-born Jews who are working with the Allies.

Soon he is face to face with Colonel John Harker (Nigel Green) who explains the reason for the daring rescue and outlines a unique mission which concerns Rommel and his Afrika Korps who are only 90 miles from Suez.



CASINO ROYALE

Peter Sellers doesn't play James Bond in Charles Feldman's crazy comedy spy adventure—but he impersonates him. Peter is Evelyn Tremble, a man who has perfected an infallible baccarat system. When the infamous Le Chiffre (Orson Welles) mistakes him for 007 and challenges him to a game, Tremble accepts.

In *Casino Royale*, Ursula Andress (pictured above with Sellers) plays Vesper, the richest spy in the world. She manages to look even more stunning than she did in her first Bond film, *Dr. No*—but there are plenty of eye-catching beauties providing keen competition.

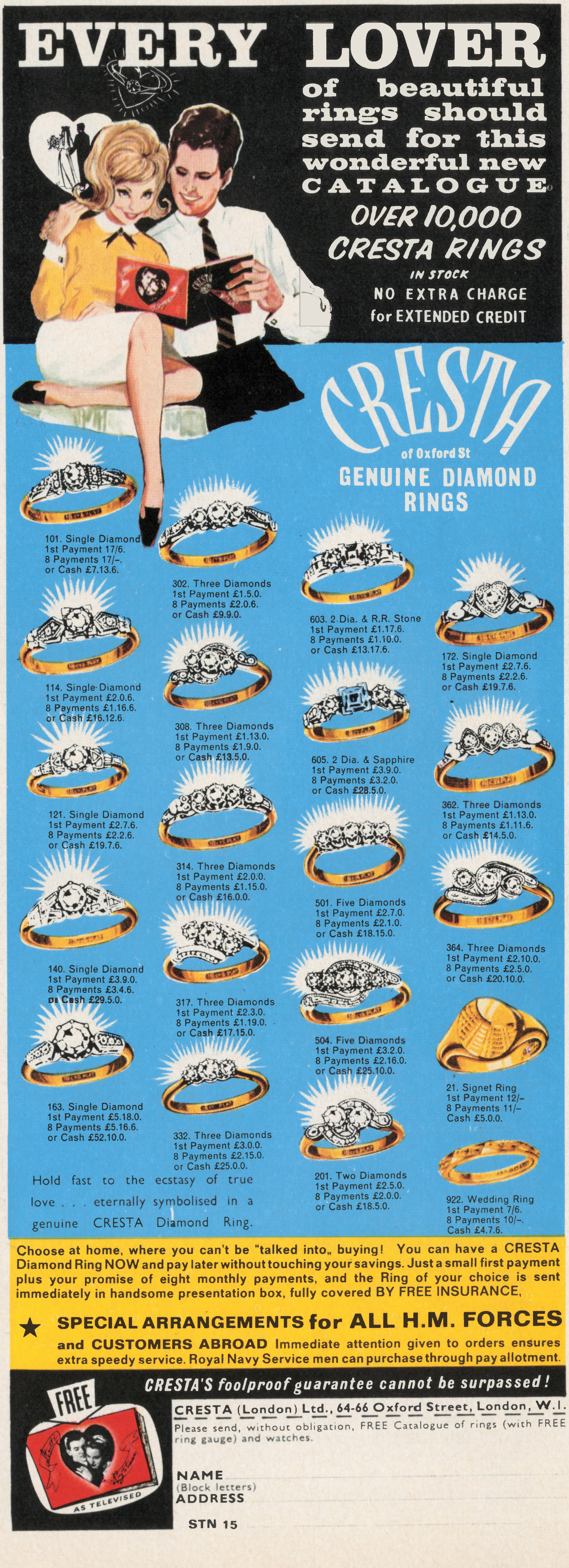
They include Tracey Reed, who plays the leader of the Fang girls; Angela Scouler, a talented 20-year-old who was discovered by Chaplin; and Jackie Bisset who plays the seductive Giovanna Goodthighs!

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

James Bond, a man noted for his casual involvements with the opposite sex, has finally taken a bride. It happens in this, the latest Bond adventure to reach the screen—and his bride is a Japanese diving girl named Kissy Suzuki, who helps 007 avert World War III! SPECTRE has planned to cause an international crisis by stealing American and Russian rockets by plucking them from the air . . . But before Bond can act he has to locate the isolated island headquarters where SPECTRE is hiding out.

The famous wedding ceremony takes place at beautiful Mt. Nachi in Japan.

The girl chosen to play Bond's wife is Japan's leading actress, Mie Hama (below), frequently described as the Brigitte Bardot of the East. Born in Tokyo in 1943, Mie started earning her living as a uniformed fare collector on the busy Tokyo bus routes. She had no dramatic experience or aspirations until she visited Toho studios during her summer holiday. She was asked to appear in her first film soon after.



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STN 15

BB's latest love scene

THE LOVERS. Brigitte is Cecile, a Paris model, in love with two men. One is Vincent (Laurent Terzieff) who follows her from Paris to London . . .

The big moment of any Brigitte Bardot film is her love sequence . . . and here's an exclusive preview of the love scene she began one chilly autumn night on location on the Scottish moors and finished one month later in the warmth of a Paris studio. Finished twice, in fact. For her new film, *Two Weeks In September*, is the first real Anglo-French co-production, and was shot in both languages. First a scene in French, then a repeat of the scene in English.

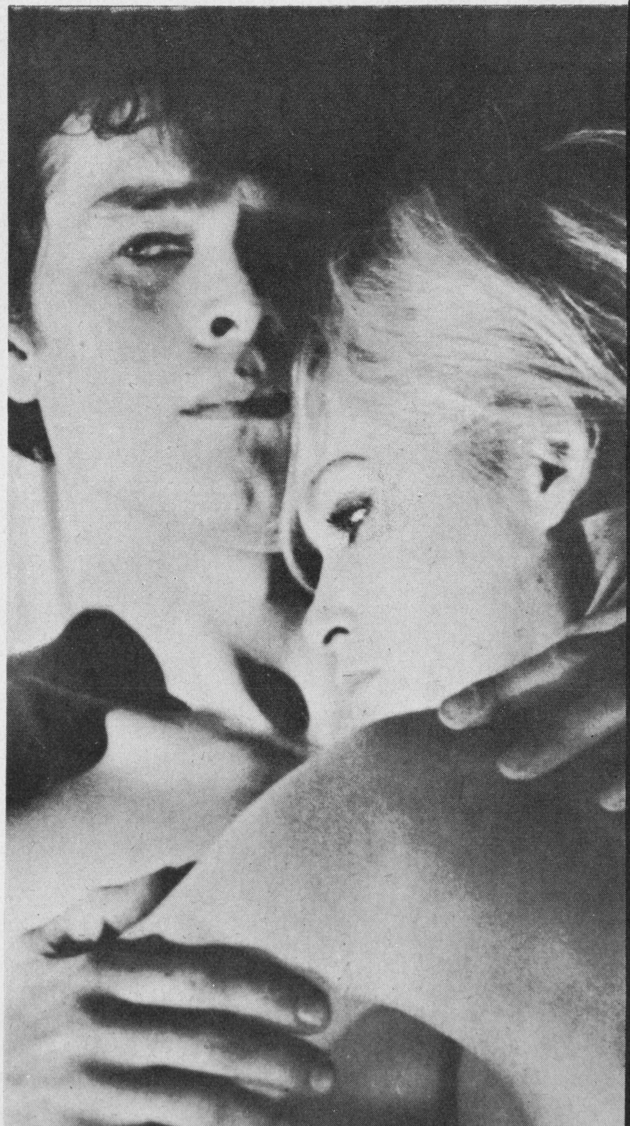
"We insisted on this right from the start," stresses the British producer involved, Kenneth Harper. "We didn't want the English version to be just another dubbed or sub-titled film, but a film in English. And carefully scripted English at that, not merely a simple translation."

Which is why 32-year-old Brigitte, in her 34th film in 15 years, speaks English for the first time in a full-length role. Her accent? "It's fascinating," says Harper.

"Shooting the film this way added only a week or so to the schedule," comments Harper. "And not so very much to the cost. But we end up with two films for 75 per cent less than the average cost of two films! This makes English films viable again, and that's why I believe that a co-production like this is so important to us—particularly if the Americans decide to withdraw from our studios because of home financial-aid plans to keep them in Hollywood."

TO page 36

THE LOVE NEST. Fleeing from the modelling and the cameras in London, Cecile and Vincent find themselves a haven in Scotland—a ruined castle on the moors. And there Cecile thinks of her other love in Paris . . . "why is it that happiness of one is always at the expense of another . . ."



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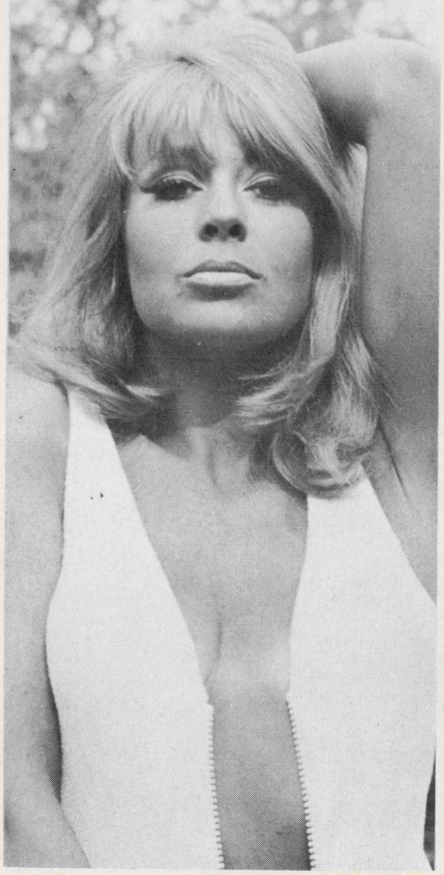
Which *CASINO ROYALE* girl would YOU date?

	Ursula Andress	*Daliah Lavi*
Her background	The screen's original Bond Girl in *Dr. No*, now joyously spoofing them all as Ian Fleming's original Bond girl, Vesper Lynd, in *Casino Royale*. She's 29; Swiss-born of German stock; blonde; 5 ft. 5 in.; 37–22–35; and whether she likes it or not (and she doesn't really) acclaimed as The Most Beautiful Girl in the World.	With her raven hair, huge brown eyes and full (37–23–37) frame, Daliah is the finest advertisement for her native Israel. She's also a true cosmopolitan—Swedish education; French, Italian, British and American film careers; and now, an Irish husband. But she values her position as an unofficial ambassador-at-large for her country.
Her personality	Fun-loving, but can be serious, especially about money. "I am extrovert for I do not control my emotions. If I need to cry, I cry. I show it if I am happy, unhappy . . . or if I want something."	Highly intelligent, superstitious, amusing, utterly independent in mind and spirit. "Always been like that, luv. Still, I'm easy to get on with. Too much so—that's why I make few close friends. If you make them too easily, I don't think you can trust their sincerity."
Her tastes	First-class all the way—with the occasional slumming just for the fun of it. "I like beautiful things but I also have a very great respect for money. No, I never buy my own jewellery. I hope that will be bought for me!"	Big star or no, Daliah is still not used to luxury and prefers simplicity in all things. She enjoys the theatre, elegant but unfussy clothes, all kinds of music and fast cars.
Her idea of a good time	"There are so many fantastic things to do and to see and I'd love to see them all—every little corner of the world." So though you may well have to pick up Ursula at, say, the Dorchester or Hilton, she would be as content in the Playboy Club, an ancient pub of character off the Docks, or a village 'local'.	A cycle ride through Ireland, or a stroll along a beach, will please her as much as the full Rolls-and-Savoy bit. She avoids night clubs and prefers having people in to cook for. In her Israeli village she plays football, cycles a lot and goes to the movies — "they don't provide seats so I take my own!"



Barbara Bouchet	Marilyn Rickard
Otto Preminger discovered her and gave her a small role in his production *In Harm's Way*. Now she's under contract to Charles Feldman—producer of *Casino Royale*. Barbara is ambitious but she'd give up her career for one thing: marriage.	She has made her name as a model and now she wants to do equally well in films. A former secretary in the South of France, Marilyn plays one of Woody Allen's girl guards in *Casino Royale*.
Shy. Prone to moodiness and depression but impressionable. "I'm too frank," she says. "I'm always getting into trouble for saying what I think." Dates? "If I like someone I'll have fun whatever we do; if I don't get on with someone I put up a barrier and he might just as well have saved the fare."	Vivacious, fun-loving and amusing. The girl positively bubbles with personality. She has a sharp answer for most questions and is never likely to tire of talking. There is a serious side to Marilyn but usually she shows it only when she is in a romantic mood.
Sophisticated. Her gowns are the height of elegance. She enjoys beautiful things, such as paintings and old buildings. She is not a girl whose tastes vary; once she has got a definite idea about something she will rarely change it.	Many and varied. The sort of girl who will be game to try most things once. She enjoys beautiful clothes but is just at home in jeans and a sweater. She looks relaxed just about anywhere . . .
Going to the theatre; eating in a superb restaurant; seeing a good picture. However, if she likes your company, Barbara will be just as pleased if you suggest a quiet evening at home playing records, or entertaining a few close friends. Don't take her where there are crowds.	A drive out to a famous country pub or a night out on the town—take your pick. Marilyn is a girl who enjoys herself no matter what she is doing. Take her to a restaurant—any type so long as the food is good—and you won't feel it has been money wasted. She also enjoys the theatre and films, of course.

ACTION

QUIET

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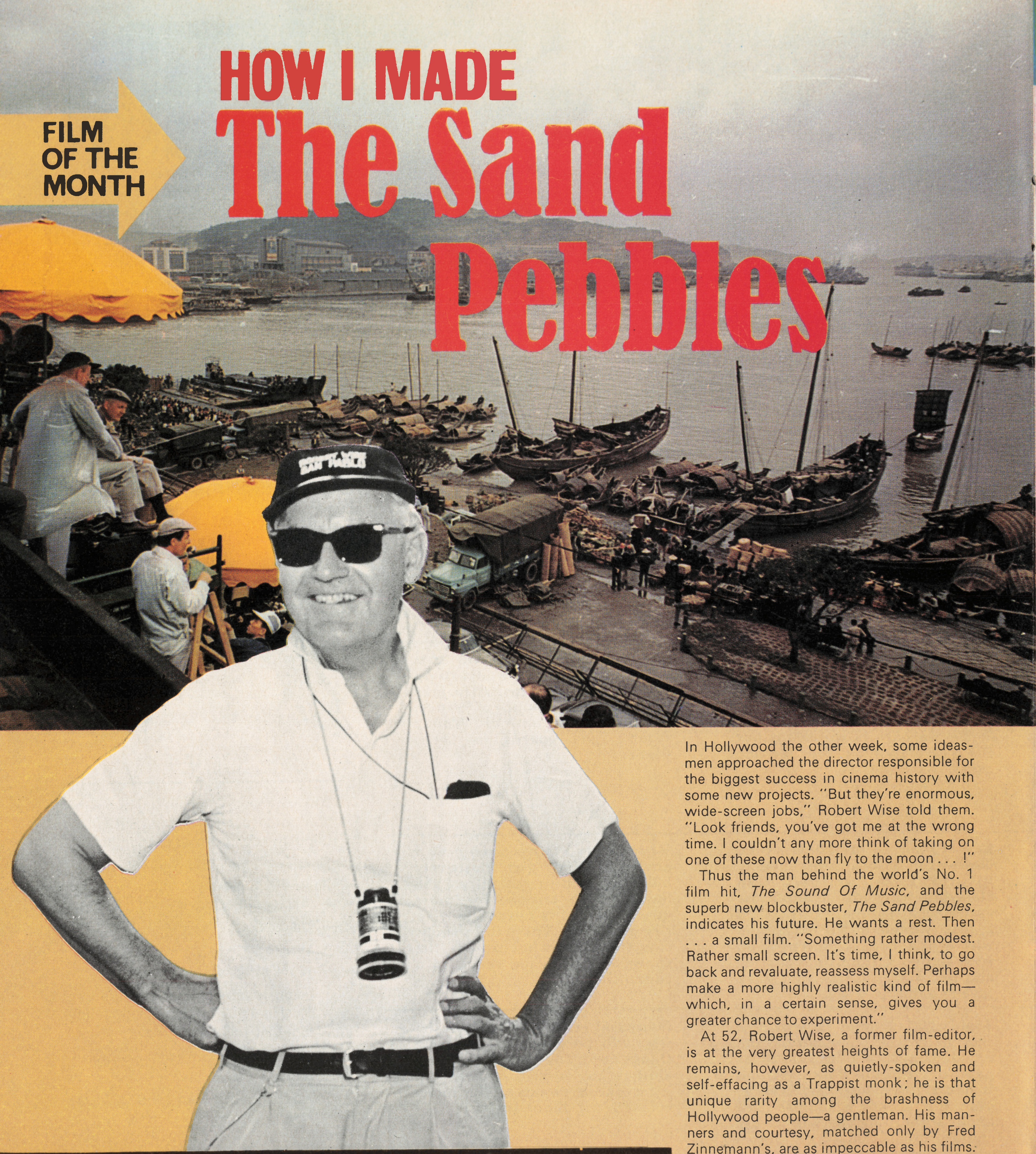
FILM OF THE MONTH

HOW I MADE The Sand Pebbles



Robert Wise talks to Tony Crawley

In Hollywood the other week, some ideas-men approached the director responsible for the biggest success in cinema history with some new projects. "But they're enormous, wide-screen jobs," Robert Wise told them. "Look friends, you've got me at the wrong time. I couldn't any more think of taking on one of these now than fly to the moon . . . !"

Thus the man behind the world's No. 1 film hit, *The Sound Of Music*, and the superb new blockbuster, *The Sand Pebbles*, indicates his future. He wants a rest. Then . . . a small film. "Something rather modest. Rather small screen. It's time, I think, to go back and revaluate, reassess myself. Perhaps make a more highly realistic kind of film—which, in a certain sense, gives you a greater chance to experiment."

At 52, Robert Wise, a former film-editor, is at the very greatest heights of fame. He remains, however, as quietly-spoken and self-effacing as a Trappist monk; he is that unique rarity among the brashness of Hollywood people—a gentleman. His manners and courtesy, matched only by Fred Zinnemann's, are as impeccable as his films.

His past record includes such "highly realistic" films as *Somebody Up There Likes Me; I Want To Live;* and *Odds Against Tomorrow*. And now, with two very expensive—and successful—road-show films like *Sound* and *Pebbles* (plus another in the making: Julie Andrews as the *Star*!) the film world is his oyster.

He can well afford to take a rest. Indeed, his long-promised six months off, has been most strenuously earned. Tackling a road-show, whether it be musical or dramatic, is comparable with climbing Everest. Blindfold. And Wise is currently doing this for the third time in five years!

Four of these years were spent in fashioning *Pebbles* for the screen. From November, 1962, when he bought the late Richard McKenna's novel in galley-proof form while filming *The Haunting*—one of his rare flops—in London, right up to the finished film's first sneak preview in November, 1966.

His sole interruption: The 16 months he generously took off to make a little thing entitled *The Sound Of Music* . . . ! "At the time I'd much rather have gone right ahead with *Pebbles* as I was so wound up in it. But I had to face the realities of all our logistical problems. And, well, I much prefer to keep active. As it turned out, I was more than delighted that they asked me to do *Sound*."

A classic understatement! Wise took that blatant tear-jerker of a musical, shot it out of doors (which George Cukor should have done with *My Fair Lady*) and shook some life into it. Result: He made Julie Andrews into a super-star . . . and the film into the biggest hit of all time. At the last count, *The Sound Of Music* had taken some £15½ million at American and Canadian cinemas alone!

Furthermore, it has broken finally the 28-year-old death-grip of *Gone With The Wind* on the No. 1 spot as the cinema's all-time box-office champion. (Incidentally, Wise's first road-show, *West Side Story*, stands at No. 11, with more than £7 million in U.S. and Canadian takings!)

Clearly then, Mr. Wise is that other Hollywood rarity—a gilt-edged investment. And should he have to go over-schedule on a film, or indeed, over-budget (as happened on *The Sand Pebbles*), you can be sure there's no one waggling a warning finger back at head office.

The surprise 'star' of *Pebbles* is an American gun-boat. The filming, however, was far from plain sailing. As Wise enumerates some of the difficulties involved, his Far Eastern location seems a dour diary of despair, depression and desperation.

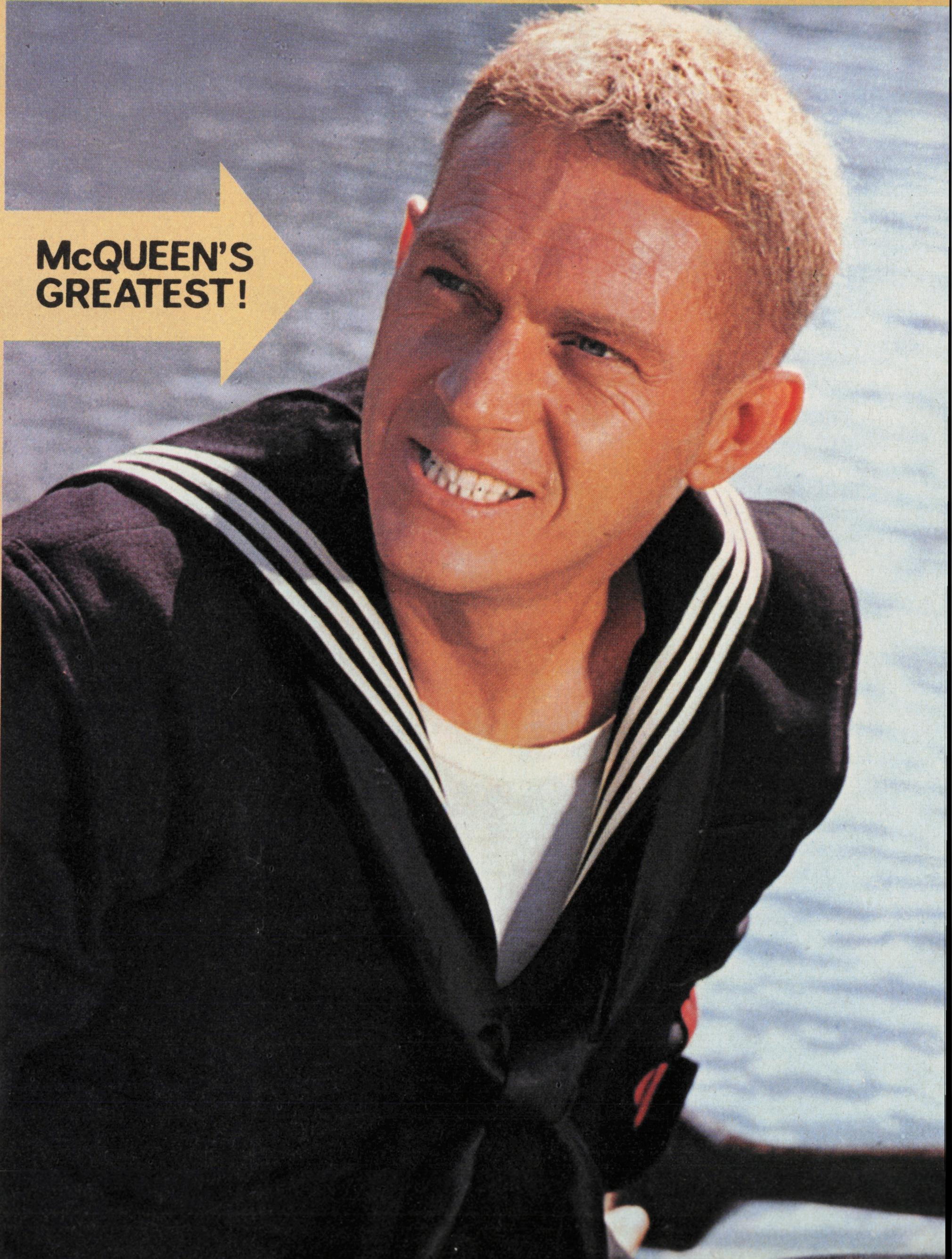
"Going in, I knew that this would—without question—be the most difficult film I'd ever done," he stressed. "We were up against it all the time on location—at Taiwan and Hong Kong. The elements were against us. Plus the fact that we had a picture taking place mainly on a boat, which meant working on water. That's always difficult. Far more difficult, I found out, than I'd imagined."

Main water-location for this drama of events in China in 1926, when the Nationalist movement started forcing out all foreign powers, was the Tai Water River, which has an unpredictable daily tidal system all of its own. "Some days I'd go to work and my gun-boat would be perched with its bottom flat on a sand bar. We'd row across, get out, walk across the bar, climb aboard, look around and think *'Well, what can we fake today?'*

"The boat was specifically built in Hong Kong to deal with these problems and had no real bottom, no keel and so on. So when its special superstructure was caught by the tremendous winds off the Formosa Straits, it became like some great kite!

TURN page

The Sand Pebbles go into action—three of the *San Pablo* crew about to check a U.S. mission house.



McQUEEN'S GREATEST!

FROM previous page

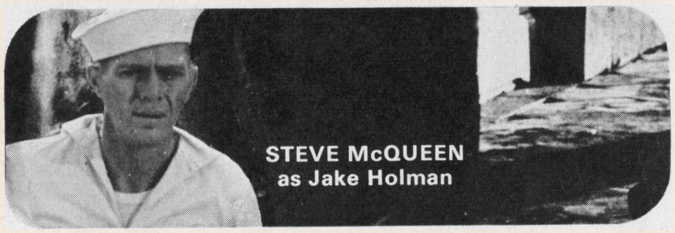
"We had to tow the boat from Hong Kong to Taiwan in the first place, and when we'd finished there—some six or eight weeks over-schedule!—we had to tow it back for more shooting in Hong Kong, and naturally ran into the worst stretch of water we'd had all the time. The tow, which should have taken two days, took about eight . . . ! But she made it . . . although for the first time in my life as a director, I found myself sitting on location for ten days or so, with a full crew, cast and company, unable to shoot because I didn't have the tools to work with!"

And that wasn't the end of the troubles . . . "Then we had the riots —last May—right outside our hotel. Two or three nights of riots and a curfew. So we had a bit of everything. When we finally got back to the States to complete shooting, it had been such a strain that Steve McQueen—who works very hard and is in almost every scene of the film—just ran down. Nervous exhaustion! I had to close the picture down for two weeks for him to get some rest and get in shape."

And what of Wise throughout all this? How did he survive? He laughed. "Oh, directors are not allowed to get sick or run down or anything. They've got to keep up there and keep the show going. Then collapse when it's over, if need be!"

These are just a few of the reasons why Wise wants a rest from road-shows. The reasons why his films, big or small, are successes lie in another facet of the man's wide talent. He takes tremendous care with his casting. As he explains: "There's not a single star who can bring in a good movie without a good story to start with. All I'm interested in is properly casting my films and coming up with a show."

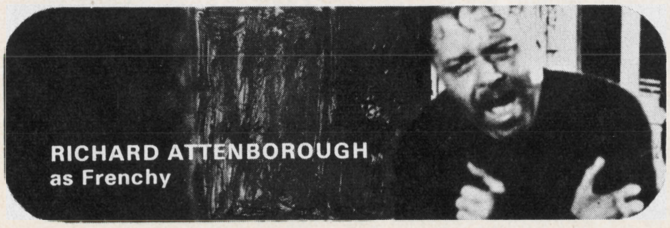
Come behind the scenes, then, and discover how Robert Wise chose his spectacular *Sand Pebbles* . . .



STEVE McQUEEN
as Jake Holman

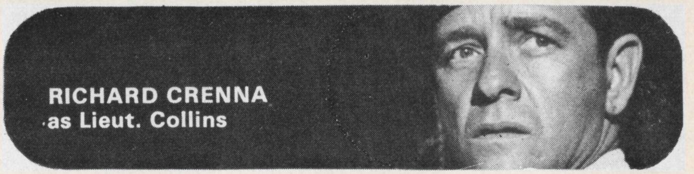
"When I bought the book, Steve wasn't even a big name. Not that I signed him because he's now a star—but because he was right. And I must give him tremendous credit for the contribution he made in bringing Holman to life. Steve was really caught up with the story, felt very close to the character, the fact that Jake loves machinery and engines—as Steve does. The more we got into it, the more I think Steve valued the character, what he stood for and what he could do with him. And he has, without exception, won his finest reviews for this film, and everyone is positive that this is his best performance." [Steve was nominated for an Oscar; and one American critic, the tough Bosely Crowther, praised McQueen for "the most restrained, honest, heartfelt acting he has ever done"].

When I had last met Wise two years ago, McQueen was the only star signed; and Wise still required two other male stars, both American, and two girls—one American, one Chinese. The resulting casting featured the surprise choice of . . .



RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH
as Frenchy

"Well, we just couldn't find an American actor who was as perfect for the part as Dick was. And he's marvellous—also Oscar-nominated. I think the proof of the pudding was when the film was first shown around the studio and people kept coming up asking: *'Who's playing Frenchy?'* They didn't recognise him with his period moustache and the great conviction he brought to the role. There's no reason why an Englishman shouldn't play an American. It's seldom done, though; it's usually an American playing—or trying to play—an Englishman. At the time we found him, Dick was making *The Flight Of The Phoenix* at the studio. He's been back there, of course, doing *Dr. Dolittle* and I hear he's marvellous again. I'm not surprised!"



RICHARD CRENNA
as Lieut. Collins

"A terribly important and difficult part and once again I'd had trouble—people I liked weren't available and so on. Had a strange one on that, too. I won't give you his name—but there's a damn good actor on stage and TV who was dying to play Collins. But in the last two or three years he has become a very serious Jew and will not work on Saturdays. This is one for the book; I've certainly never run into it before. But I have to admire the man. He had the strength of his convictions. But it was just impossible; on a film location, we have to shoot six days a week, sometimes seven—eight if we can manage it. So we couldn't take him. Broke his heart—and mine, because he was the one I wanted.

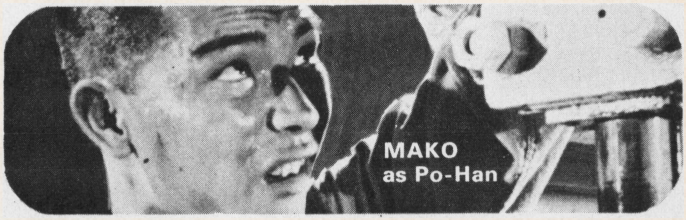
"Fortunately, just as we were getting a little desperate, a certain TV programme *Slattery's People* was unexpectedly cancelled, and the star, Richard Crenna, became available. We'd talked to him before, several times, but because of the series, we couldn't get him, of course . . ."

CANDICE BERGEN
as Shirley

"When we last spoke two years ago, I had not heard of Candy—she had only started *The Group* when I contacted her. Why? Because I had been shown her film-test for *The Chase* and was very intrigued. Again, fortunately, she had the smallest part in *The Group*, so she had plenty of time to read our script, and to shoot a test for us. We all liked her tremendously."

MARAYAT ANDRIANE
as Mally

"She's a tiger . . . ! She's the daughter of a Thailand statesman, and gets to Paris a lot, as she's married to the Administration Director of SEATO. It was the studio people in Paris who found her and flew her over for a test. She hadn't acted professionally before—just some stage work in Bangkok—but she was perfect."



MAKO
as Po-Han

"He's one of the best actors I've ever worked with—the film's third acting Oscar-nominee. I was determined that all the American characters in the film would be played by Americans—or Westerners at least—and the Chinese by Chinese, or simply Oriental. And I tried very hard in the Far East to find the right actor to play this coolie who Holman befriends and teaches—and in an extraordinary situation, has to kill. Even looked in London—but returned home very disappointed. Then I was invited to see this young Japanese boy in a small Los Angeles stage production of *Rashamon*. He was absolutely superb! He told me the day after he was cast that he had read the book and wanted to do this part so much that he could taste it, and he'd been sweating it out all that time. His wait and anxiety were justified—he gives a remarkable performance."

And while Robert Wise was completing rushing *Pebbles* into release so that his work and his chosen performers could win Oscar nominations, work was going ahead on his film about Gertrude Lawrence: *Star*! No wonder Wise was smiling. The smile of a man well-satisfied with his lot. And with the knowledge that six months of sheer relaxation is just around the corner.

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Tony Crawley takes a close look at Britain's most controversial young star and sends in an intriguing report

ALBIE

Four years ago, when actor Albert Finney turned his talent to producing, he commented: "Who knows, I might be more co-operative about interviews now—and destroy this image I have of being a difficult recluse."

It was a nice thought. For Finney had always been the convention-wrecker, the actor who turned his back on the rewards of success; a loner, shy and with few friends; a man who hated to talk to journalists unless he had "something to say."

Well now, Albie is a director these days, as well as an actor, producer, dollar-millionaire from the *Tom Jones* profits, and a racehorse-owner to boot. How has he lived up to those words of hope of four years ago? If anything, he's more of a recluse than ever.

On his first film since 1963—*Two For The Road* with Audrey Hepburn—he refused all interview-requests, because he was an actor and busy learning his lines. A few months later he was making *Charlie Bubbles* and once more declined all (save two) interviews, this time because he was directing the film, as well as appearing in it.

Fair enough. In fact, here was probably the best reason Albie had ever had to turn away would-be interviewers—which, by the way, he does with such charm that you don't realise he's said "no" until 15 minutes later! But it is not so much a lack of time that's behind Finney's aversion to interviews: it's his horror of the throttling effect of the personality cult.

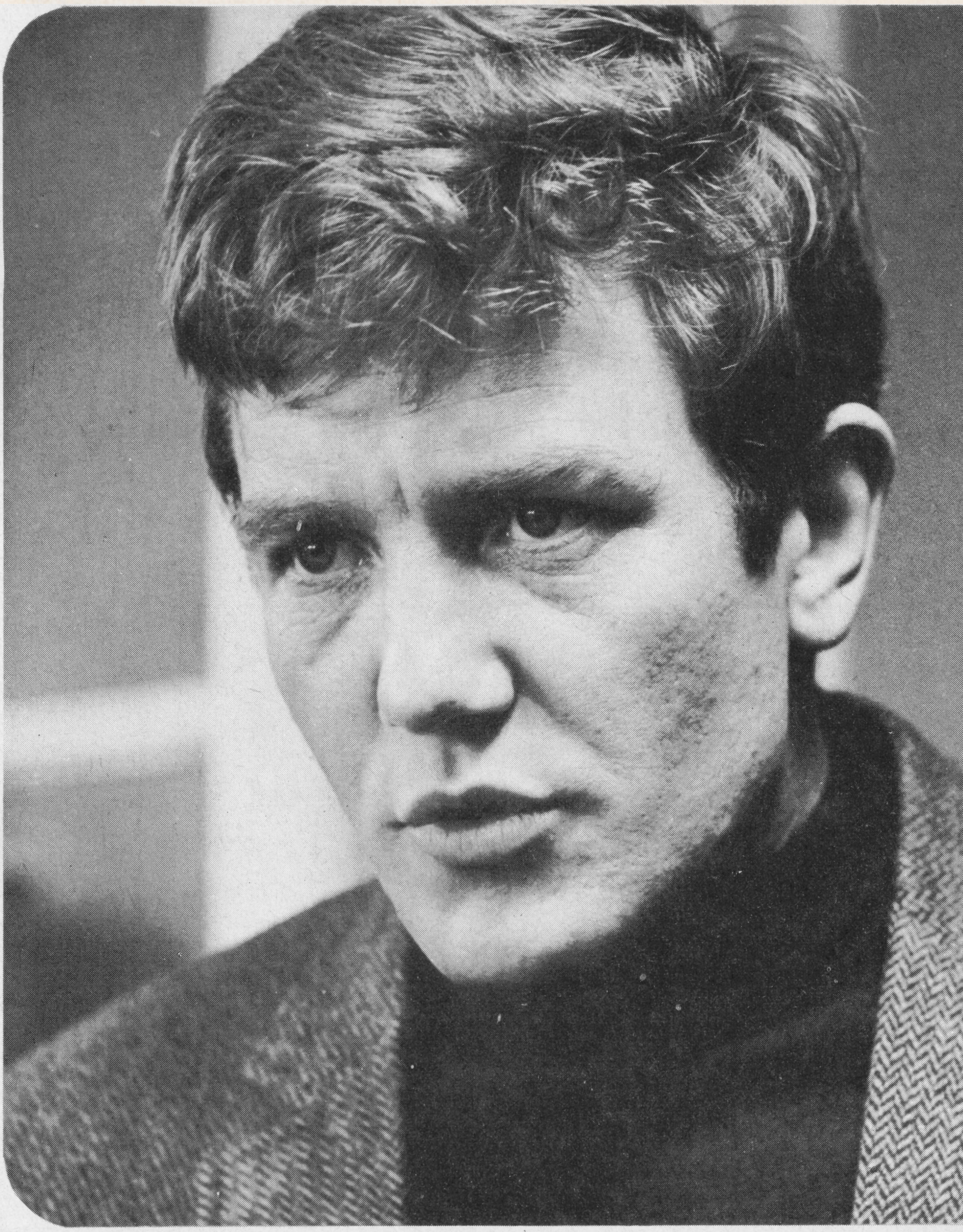
"It's deadly," he says. "Anyone's reputation—certainly an actor's—should rest solely on ability, not on how he lives and feels, on what he does in the evenings, or what his sock sizes are!

"Frankly, I don't really know what people find so interesting about me, anyway. I'm rather dull to know. Just a medium type. Shyer than most, perhaps. That's one of the reasons I'm an actor, I suppose, because on a stage you're in disguise. I don't do exciting things by myself. A spot of weight-lifting, learning a language or two, some judo now and again, books, guitar, and the bongo drums. That hardly adds up to a flamboyant personality, does it?

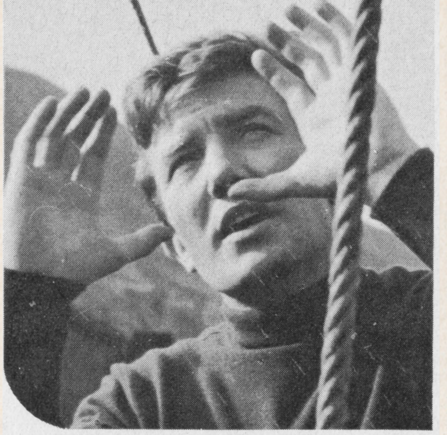
"This business of being placed on some kind of pedestal, being called a 'star', is dangerous. Once an actor presumes he knows more about life than

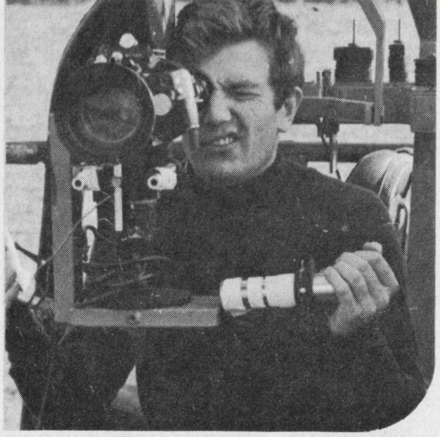
TURN page

THREE FACES of Albert Finney. Opposite: Albie the director shooting *Charlie Bubbles* . . . and Albie the star (with a pert Audrey Hepburn) in *Two For The Road*. Below: Albie the loner, still shunning his success like the plague.



TODAY





ALBIE TODAY

“I refuse

FROM previous page

the people in the back row, it's fatal.

"As actors, we're paid to uplift audiences with beautiful language, drama. Not to condescend to them. My work, therefore, is important to me, and I think an actor needs a special kind of understanding. His personal feelings, his weaknesses, should be left alone. Let him work out his own destiny . . ."

Then, using his cigar to ram the point finally home, he sums up: "Being lionised builds up a defence mechanism in me. It's not what I really want. I refuse to be trapped by fame."

Albert Finney has felt this trapped feeling before. He didn't like it, and he ran away from it. Then, the reason was—marriage. "I was too young. I felt I was in a cage, so I escaped. It was like claustrophobia of the soul. I found it difficult to learn my lines. My actor's instinct died; I was less inventive. At rehearsal I found myself thinking about some stupid domestic problem. Bills and so on. I know, I know, everyone has these problems . . . too much for me!"

After two years he left his actress-wife, Jane Wenham, and their son, Simon, and since his divorce in 1961, has rarely allowed any kind of personal, let alone public, relationship intrude upon his career. He has, of course, as good an eye for a dolly girl as any other man. But never when he's working, creating, deeply concentrating on a role as only Finney can — as Samanatha Eggar found to her cost when she visited him during the *Tom Jones* location, in the midst of their over-publicised romance. "I've wrecked four romances in exactly the same way," says Albie.

He's often linked romantically and marriage has been supposedly "imminent" in numerous headlines. And now, if the new rumours are correct, Lynn Redgrave is his latest girl-friend.

"I could marry again," he readily agrees. "But I feel I'm too much of a gypsy to do so. To be honest, I'm scared of being committed to anything. To a long run . . . a film contract . . . the same girl . . . my so-called image . . . anything. I prefer my life to be insecure. I grew up secure. That was awful. It robs life of the savour."

The only thing Finney is committed to today—apart from himself— is his film and stage production company, Memorial Enterprises. The name, taken from the Albert Memorial, has its drawbacks, however. Finney and Co. receive a lot of enquiries about funeral arrangements . . .! With the company comes an office, of course. And that is about the only place you can be sure of finding Albie when he's in London.

Part of Finney's recluse image is his ability—almost a desire—to live out of a suitcase, anytime, anywhere. "I'm no beatnik, though," he claims. "I'm a live-nik!" His last home I knew of was an L-shaped room costing a few pounds a week. He has been known to rent a house from time to time, but he won't buy one. Such a move, he considers, would be a form of statement—"reflecting my views on something."

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MAN ON THE GROUND

to be trapped by fame”

This philosophical line continues: “Perhaps that's why I act. Any statement I make on stage is not mine, but the author's. But when I direct a film—that will be my statement. My first statement.”

And because he chose to direct *Charlie Bubbles*, a story much in keeping with Finney's own life story, it will be a very personal statement indeed. The film is an original by Shelah Delaney, who wrote *A Taste Of Honey*, and was born just a few streets away from Finney in Salford, Manchester—where much of the film was made on location.

How did Finney enjoy the life of a director? “When you're acting and directing. at the same time, the first protest message you get is from your feet. You're never off them!” he grins.

“After six or seven weeks of this kind of steady grind you almost start forgetting what scene you are going to *order* yourself to do next. You get tired, very tired. You're so close to it all, it's hard to tell what results you're getting on those strips of celluloid. You feel like a boxer after about six or seven hard rounds.”

From the technical point of view, Finney voted for constant flexibility . . . “An absolutely open mind is always essential. Being ready to invent or try new ideas when the first one doesn't work. And sometimes the new ideas are much better.”

The actor-director has one obvious advantage over the straight-forward actor; he can choose the players he is going to act with, instead of inheriting them from the producer and director. Finney plumped for two of his colleagues from the National Theatre Company, Colin Blakely and Billie Whitelaw—and invited Judy Garland's daughter, Liza Minnelli, to make her screen debut as Charlie's American secretary and erstwhile mistress.

“The whole thing was very rewarding,” continues Finney. “Mentally exhilarating, too. With me, though, directing must depend solely on feeling a very close personal relationship to the subject. I wouldn't want ever to direct a film unless I felt that way.”

Certainly the story of *Charlie Bubbles* couldn't be closer to Albert Finney. His title role is a writer bogged down by the pressures and perplexities of success, and trying desperately to scoot away from the whole thing.

Albie has been there—and scooted off. He shocked the show business world by retiring for a full year to take stock of himself on a round-the-world roam, which he lovingly looks back on today as “the time of The Trip”.

Apart from having worked non-stop for eight years, the idea started when he was showing his parents around New York. “I got a great kick out of seeing it all again through their excited eyes and it made me want to live a bit myself, and what was more important, to live with myself as myself.”

Another shock for the film-world came when he finally returned to London after beachcombing it through Tahiti, South America and the Far East, and, flatly refusing all the piled-up film offers, joined Sir Laurence Olivier's National Theatre Company—to play five repertory roles in 15 months!

“*You'll be forgotten*,” the film people told him. “*Why stop now, when* Tom Jones *is such a world smash?*” He took no notice—he didn't care much for *Tom Jones*, anyway!—and went on to work at the Old Vic for about £100 a week, instead of £250,000 a film, and ended up winning the *Evening Standard* award as Stage Actor of 1966 . . .!

He then returned to films when he was good and ready, kicking off with *Two For The Road*, with Audrey Hepburn, another story he feels personally connected with. The story reveals all about the ups and downs of modern marriage.

Since his own marriage failed, Albie has continued to see as much as possible of his son and heir, Simon, who is now seven. They're great friends, according to his ex-wife, and the lad often stays with his father—again, just like *Charlie Bubbles*

As far as money is concerned, Albie isn't. “He's turned down more work than any other actor of his age,” says his partner, Michael Medwin, somewhat ruefully. “You could buy Regent Street with the money that Albert has refused.”

Finney's comment: “As long as I've enough to see the boy all right, that's all that matters.”

He certainly doesn't flash his vast income about. He dresses in what could best be called conservative-casual, and the only sign of opulence on the Finney-front is his green Phantom V Rolls Royce, equipped with telephone, bar and chauffeur. Even the car, he says, makes him feel guilty. It's no blatant success-symbol then; he bought it just because “it's a good car—plenty of leg room and you can have a drink from the bar in the back.”

He also has a financial percentage in a couple of worthy racehorses—“though I'm not quite sure which of their legs are mine!” No matter, such ownership certainly proves that here is one bookie's son who has made good.

Albie's world trip did just what he hoped it would. Today, at 30, he knows himself better than ever before. He still cuts rather a mysterious, iconoclastic figure at times, though he's immensely likeable and great fun when clowning around among his few close chums.

He started out by being clumsily labelled “the new Olivier” and “Britain's Brando” and has steadfastly remained Albert Finney. As to his future, he says: “I feel I have to be better each time. Otherwise the audience will think: '*What's all the fuss about?*' I have to keep a performance very alive for them. And good for me. Because I like to be good.”

YOU CAN'T HIDE FACIAL HAIR

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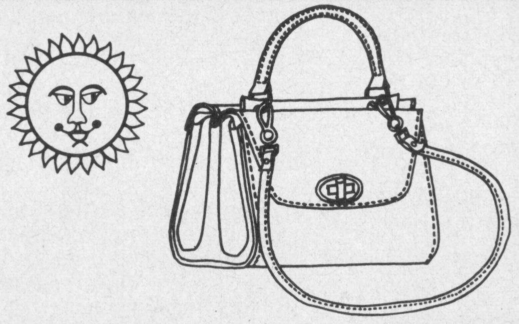
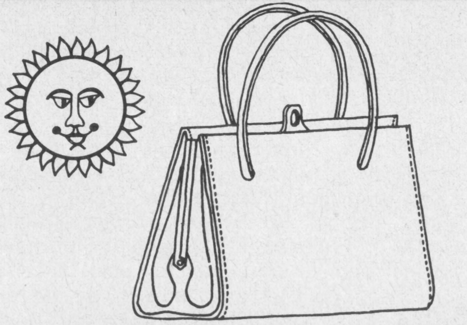


Patent finish in various high fashion colours **29/11**

Black patent finish and spring colours, in soft Nappello **29/11**



Popular colours in this year's exciting patent finish **24/11**

Boots bags of style, bags of value – you just can't beat them

BB

FROM page 22

It was BB herself—who films only when, where and what she wants—who found the story of *Two Weeks In September* [*A Cœur Joie* in French] and asked Oscar-winner Serge Bourguignon to direct it. It was, until Serge got to work, a love story about a couple running off from Paris to Amsterdam. Now they run off from London to Scotland. Which brings in James Robertson Justice, co-starring with Bardot for the third time.

Brigitte plays a dainty French model, Cecile, working in London. In love—today, at least—with Philip. Then she meets up with Vincent, who has followed her, madly in love, from Paris. And off they go . . . to a ruined Scots castle where, on a bed of straw, she stretches out her arms to him . . .

The lover is French star Laurent Terzieff, a fervent stage actor who cares little for fame and fortune. He makes few films these days, but has, as it happens, an ironical BB-history. In 1960, he tested with her for the role of her lover in her finest film, *The Truth*. She turned him down. In 1965, she asked him to join her in *Viva Maria*. And he turned her down! He nearly did so again this time, but was persuaded to take the part by the French co-producer, Francis Cosne, who has made five BB films.

Initial note: Director Bourguignon thinks it is time people stopped referring to Bardot as BB. "It lacks dignity," he states. I don't agree. But if he prefers it, I will settle for PP—Peter Pan. For BB, thank heavens, never seems to grow up!

THE RENAULT CONTEST WINNERS

Actor Richard Johnson presented the gleaming new Renault 4 car, first prize in Showtime's *Deadlier Than The Male* Contest, to Mrs. Evelyn Perry of Parkhurst Road, Tottenham. Mrs. Perry, whose husband is a lorry driver, is a housewife and her hobbies include entering competitions!

"The car was a magnificent prize," she said after the presentation. "I didn't imagine I would win it."

The second Renault 4 was won by 33-year-old Mr. H. G. Hill of Oakfield Road, Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worcs. Mr. Hill, who is engaged to be married, works as a mill planner. He is interested in sport generally and plays cricket for Stourbridge C.C. in the Birmingham League.

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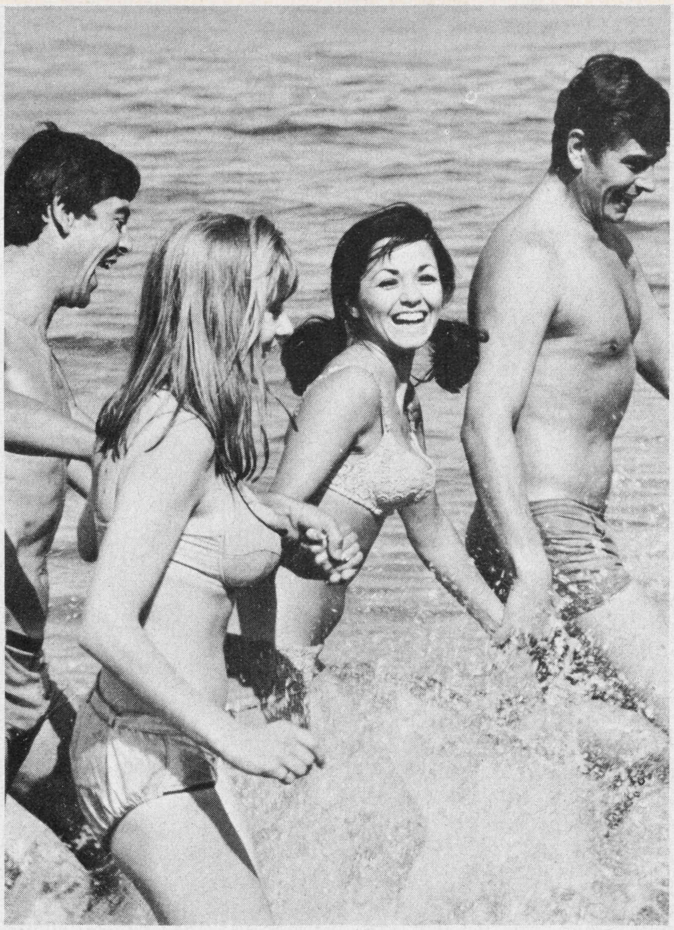

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Recommended prices: Emulsion (strawberry flavour) or tablets (banana flavour). 22/6 per packet. Also regular WATE-ON, 17/6 per packet. Dendron Distributors Ltd., Watford, Herts.

RAYMONDO

Star-day:

AUDREY HEPBURN
May 4, 1929

AQUARIUS, 21st January—19th February
Up, up, up go trends this month. A new job, maybe or, for some an enormous boost to prestige. Fancy free Aquarians could be changing partners. Someone may get hurt; not you.

PISCES, 20th February—21st March
People are important to you now. Even strangers could influence your fate during the next three months. A recent set-back, seen in a new light, may not be as bad as you thought.

ARIES, 22nd March—20th April
Praise is heaped upon you and you wonder, secretly, whether it is deserved. Be modest about your achievements. Work issues require diplomacy. A good time for making or finalising future plans.

TAURUS, 21st April—21st May
Take a chance, but take it now! Early May augurs well for speculation, but as the month draws to a close take no risks. You find your sympathy is aroused for a friend or relative, nevertheless, a firm line is called for.

GEMINI, 22nd May—21st June
A comparative stranger will surprise you by his kindness and help when very much needed. The opinion of a younger person becomes important to you. Many Gemini folk will have to improvise to cope with a crisis.

CANCER, 22nd June—23rd July
Up the ladder! Progress is definitely indicated, professionally or where status is concerned—but not necessarily more money. The necessity to economise arises, and you show some initiative.

LEO, 24th July—23rd August
Look back, but not in anger. Past events will be viewed differently when benefits are felt. News from abroad could influence your opinions—even when you thought your mind was made up.

VIRGO, 24th August—23rd September
Thank your lucky stars! From May Day onwards you can't go wrong. Fate plays a big role in your life and chance is on your side. So . . . follow that black cat!

LIBRA, 24th September—23rd October
Help! That's what you need—and it is readily forthcoming. You will have fun doing things with others, but a major decision will have to be made alone. Get rid of things you don't need: you will find a use for the space.

SCORPIO, 24th October—22nd November
Pounds, shillings and pence. Yes, hard cash is coming your way—extra cash, possibly winnings. Otherwise, a mainly tranquil spell, well set in routine. Someone is hoping to hear from you.

SAGITTARIUS, 23rd November—22nd December
Loyalty or sentiment could cloud your judgment of someone's character. Try not to expect too much from other people. Those around you will have confidence in you—perhaps more than you have in yourself.

CAPRICORN, 23rd December—20th January
A new possession—maybe a gift, maybe you will have to buy it—but something new is coming your way. A favourable time for house or flat-hunting. Old folks keep you busy.

Skin Troubles?

This may be the reason why

Why do young people so often have spots, pimples and a 'blotchy' skin?

And why do skin treatments often fail to help?

Well, the trouble may well be more than skin deep.

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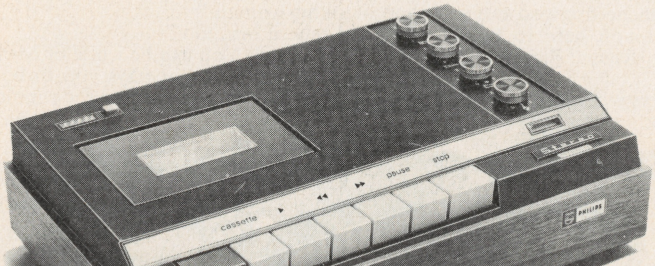
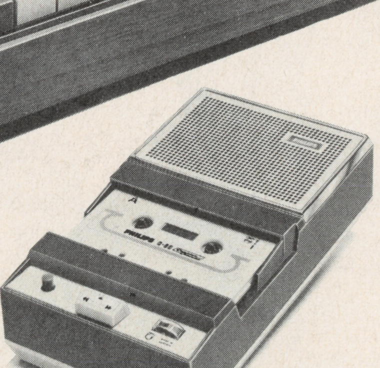
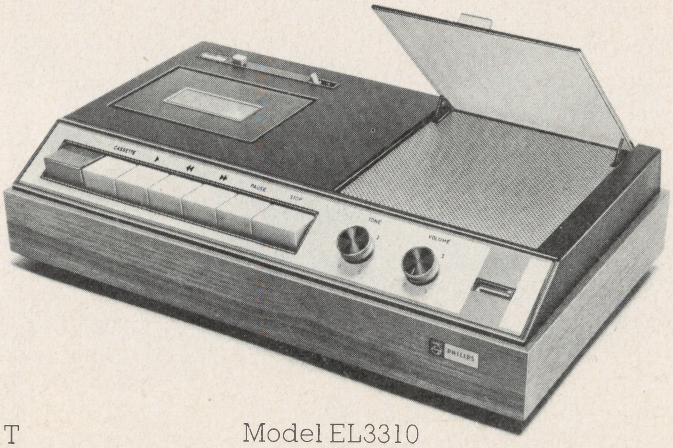


Model EL3312



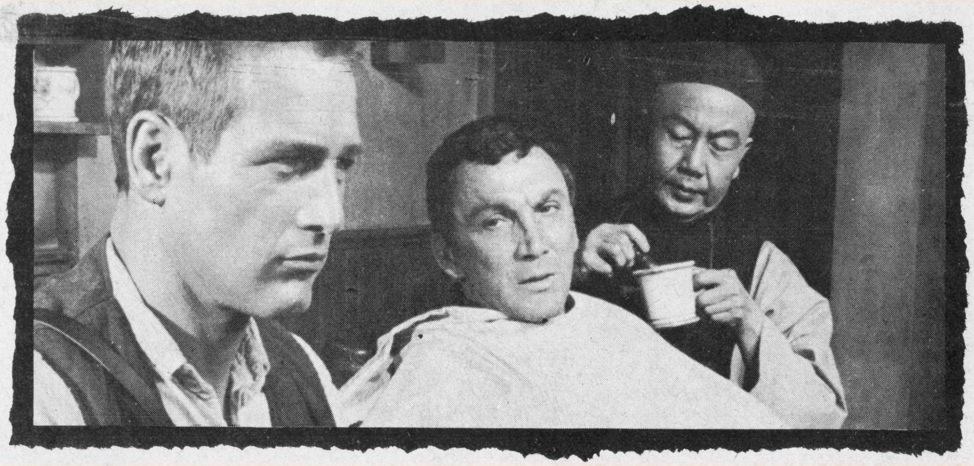
Model EL3301T



Model EL3310

The full exciting story of Paul Newman's new film

HOMBRE



IT was Henry Mendez who sent Billy Lee to the White Mountain to find John Russell. But it was Russell who found Billy Lee. He saw him coming across the rugged country below the White Mountain. The two Indians also spotted him as he weaved his way through the giant rocks and dried shrubs. And they waited for him . . .

The first Billy Lee knew of their existence was when they jumped out on him and pinned him to the ground, refusing to let him move until Russell was standing over him.

Billy Lee was scared. More scared than he had ever been in his life. But he tried hard not to show it.

"I'm looking for John Russell," he said. "*Tres Hombres. Ish-kay-nay*. Whatever you call him."

Russell said nothing but motioned for the two Indians to let Billy Lee get to his feet.

"I guess you must be John Russell," said Billy Lee. He glanced back at the two silent Apaches behind him. "Unless one of them is. I can't hardly tell you apart."

"I'm John Russell," said Russell. "Who are you?"

"Billy Lee Blake. I work for Henry Mendez. Mr. Mendez wants to see you. He's waiting down at Delgado's Station. He told me to tell you to come in."

DELGADO'S STATION was little more than a shack in the middle of empty desert country. Three riders, Russell and his two White Mountain Indians, came in at a slow walk with the dust rising behind them.

Henry Mendez stepped out on to the porch. Russell saw he was a middle-aged man—a Mexican with tobacco-stained eyes and a drooping moustache.

"*Hombre*," said Mendez quietly and Russell nodded. "Which name today?" went on Mendez. "We use John Russell. No symbol names. No Apache names. All right?"

Russell shrugged, then he dismounted and went up the step which led into the simple whitewashed room with a rough bar along one wall. Soon he and Mendez were sitting at a table, a bottle before them. The two Apaches followed them into the room and stopped at the bar.

"I hear you're out of work," said Russell.

"I've bought my last horse from you," Mendez replied sadly. "The notices go up this week. After 20 years the railroad is coming to Sweetmary. Progress, my friend." He paused and his moustache drooped even lower. "But I've brought you here to talk about something else. Mr. Russell died three nights ago."

Russell accepted the news without so much as a shrug of the shoulders.

"That doesn't affect you?" Mendez said with a trace of anger in his voice. "The death of the man who raised you?"

"Seventy-eight years is a long life," replied Russell.

"He left you a boarding house on Walker Street in Sweetmary," Mendez continued. "It's something big to think about. It means you can live among white men again, on land a white man has given to you. You've been up in those mountains too long. It's time to come down. Speak English to people. Get your hair cut."

"Why?" said Russell.

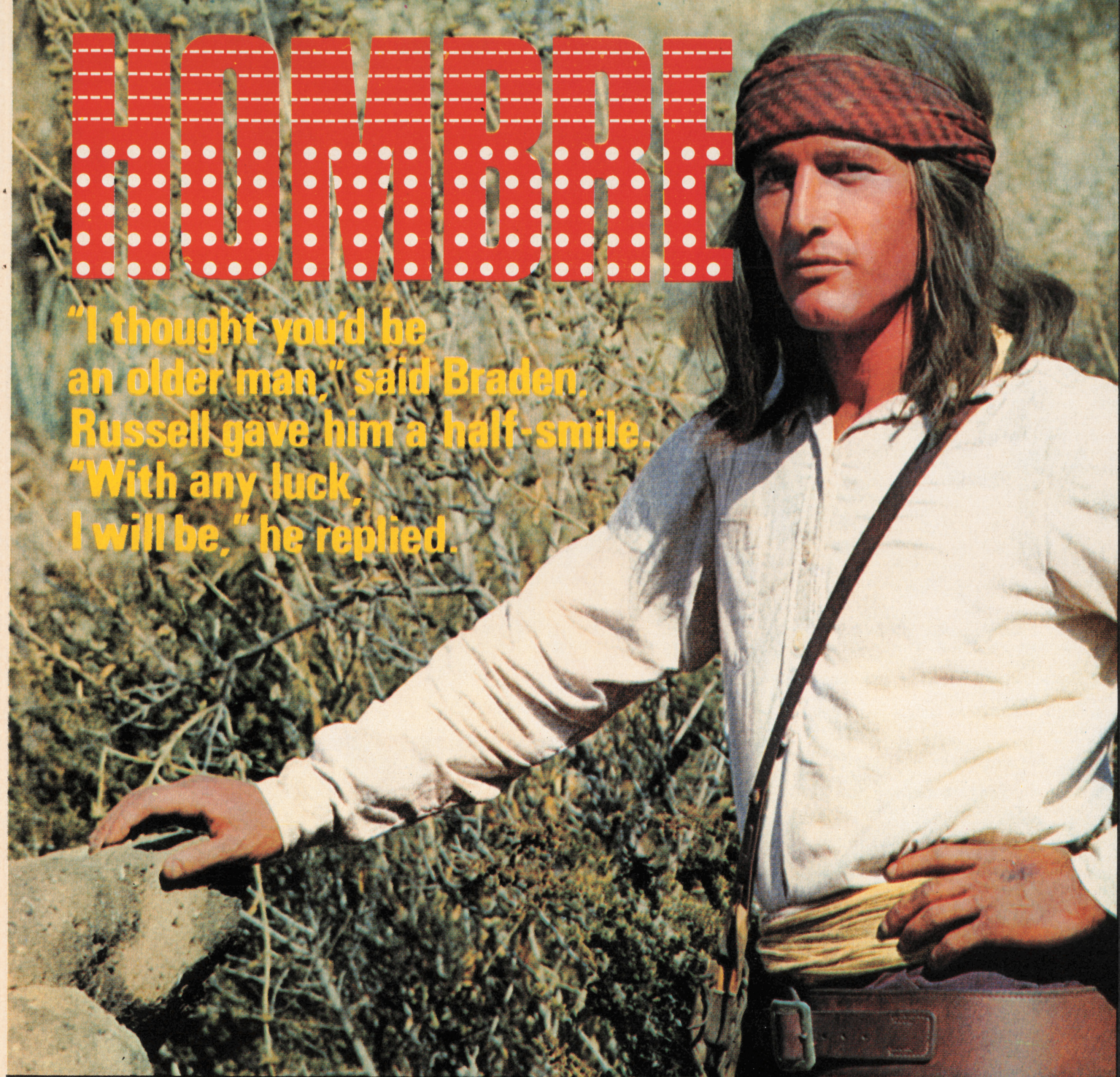
"Because there's something to be gotten out of this, that's why," answered Mendez forcefully. "Something to your advantage. At least go look at the house. If you don't like it, sell it. There's a woman running it. A good-looking woman."

"Do I inherit her, too?"

"It's up to you. You can be white or Mexican or Indian. But now it pays you to be a white for a while. Put yourself on the winning side for a change."

TURN page

HOMBRE



"I thought you'd be an older man," said Braden. Russell gave him a half-smile. "With any luck, I will be," he replied.

The protagonists of *Hombre* are as motley a bunch of folk as you'll find in any good Western. All kinds. All breeds. All temperaments. There's the Hombre himself, John Russell (left, and far right)—a white man raised by the Apaches, who later decided to stay with them, despising his own race; Jessie Brown (right), a hard-working woman, still in her prime, who has an 'understanding' with the Sheriff, Frank Braden (far left); and Henry Mendez (far right, with Russell) a Mexican horse-trader forced to trade elsewhere because of the incoming railroad.

HOMBRE

FROM previous page

They all had good to leave town

Russell smiled. "Is that where you are?"

"Well, a Mexican is closer than a White Mountain Apache," said Mendez.

The two men's conversation stopped as the door was darkened by two figures and into the bar came Lamarr Dean and Steven Early. They had narrow, dry faces, chalked with desert dirt. They were both young men, hardly more than boys.

Russell, in the background, surveyed the two men coldly; he noticed the dead-on stare they were giving the two Apaches.

"You got my bottle back there?" Dean asked and Delgado put a bottle and two glasses down as if he would rather be doing something else.

"I guess anyone can come in here," said Early.

Dean nodded: "If they allow Indians."

"When did they start letting Indians drink?" Early put the question to Delgado but Delgado was saying nothing. He merely shrugged uneasily as Dean faced the first Apache.

"Maybe they've been drinking that Apache slop they make out of cactus juice," said Dean sarcastically. "Maybe that's where they bought the nerve to come in here."

The Apache, not understanding what was being said, raised his glass. It was right up to his mouth when Dean nudged him, spilling the drink over the Apache's chin and down the front of his vest.

"They just can't hold their liquor," said Dean.

Russell, who had been watching closely, got to his feet and, his face expressionless, his right hand closing over his rifle, walked the few steps to the bar. At this moment Dean started to drink, as if daring the Indian to do the same thing. At first nothing happened. Then, as Dean went to take a second swig from his glass, Russell swung the barrel of his gun quick and hard, shattering the glass against Dean's mouth. Dean jumped back, dropping the broken pieces, blood all over his hands and face. He reared as if to tear into Russell, but the gun was levelled at his belly, almost touching it. Early's hand was on his gun but he did nothing.

"No more, huh?" said Russell quietly.

Neither Dean or Early said a word.

"Before you leave," continued Russell dryly, "put down money for a drink."

Dean stared, his eyes full of rage, but finally he reached into his pocket for a coin and placed it on the counter. Then he turned abruptly and left the bar with Early close behind him.

Billy Lee, who had been watching the scene, came over to Russell. "I bet he'll be looking for a dentist," he said. "Then, right after, he'll be looking for you."

Russell didn't reply. He simply picked up the coin Dean had left on the bar, and slipped it into the Apache's pocket.

AT the boarding house Jessie Benbow was hanging up washing. She was an attractive woman with a good sense of humour and a bright, half-mocking manner.

After completing the job of hanging up the washing she went into the house and up the stairs. Inside one of the bedrooms she found Sheriff Frank Braden sprawled across a bed under a single sheet. She critically surveyed the litter of his abandoned clothes, boots and hat. Then she scooped them up, dumped them on the bed and turned to the wardrobe where she began hauling out more of his things.

Braden propped himself on an elbow but he didn't get up. He was a big man and his face was full of character.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"I'm moving you out," said Jessie. "I want you to take your socks, your cigar stubs, and your nickel-plated sheriff's badge and amble back down the hall to your own room."

Braden was disgruntled. "I'm comfortable here," he said.

"I don't quite remember how you got squatter's rights in here," replied Jessie. "Seems to me you came by one night to ask me for an extra blanket, and stayed a year."

"You beginning to worry about public opinion?"

"My public's getting bigger than usual," replied Jessie. "The new owner's coming today."

"What the hell is he, a preacher or something?" demanded Braden angrily.

"He might not understand this arrangement," answered Jessie. "I'm not sure I do."

"I might not come back."

"Sure you will,' she replied knowingly. "Where else are you going to put your big cold feet?"

Jessie left the room but, before making for the stairs, she rapped on a closed door.

"You kids up?" she shouted. "Coffee's on."

THE YOUNG ONE. Doris Blake, Billy Lee's teenage wife. She has a stubborn mouth—and mind.

BEHIND the locked door Doris Blake lay in bed watching her husband dress. She was not yet out of her teens and had a little girl's face and a stubborn mouth. Billy Lee looked at his wife scornfully.

"Come on," he said. "Jessie wants us down."

"What if she does?" replied Doris pulling a face. "We're paying rent."

"Well what do you plan to do? Lie in bed all day?"

"I might."

Billy Lee calculated that his wife spent about 17 hours of the day in bed. But Doris's reply to any criticism was always the same: there was no point in getting up as there was no one to talk to, no one to visit.

"The big excitement around here," she always pointed out, "is watching Jessie chop the head of the chicken for dinner."

Billy Lee always replied that if she was looking for something to do, it would do her no harm to darn his socks!

Doris even had an answer to that one. "Darns raise blisters," she would say. "Buy new ones."

AFTER the usual morning row with Doris, Billy Lee stomped downstairs and made for the kitchen where he found the table strewn with silver. Jessie was sitting, rag in hand polishing energetically.

"I'd like to see these forks just once without yesterday's dried egg on them," she said amiably.

Billy Lee was in no mood for small-talk. He slammed down his coffee cup and filled it. "Seems like we've been married years," he said sadly.

"What's wrong with you two?" asked Jessie sympathetically.

"What isn't?" came the bitter reply. "I used to have a good time out of life. Didn't take much either. A beer on Saturday night, a brawl, a nice little country girl. Now I feel like I'm harnessed to a wagon, pulling uphill."

"That's the price you pay," said Jessie. "But you're not the only one. There are lots of others."

The boy looked at her closely.

"You don't have to be married to be miserable," he said. "I can hear you and Braden through the walls."

There was a pause.

"That's another story," said Jessie at last.

It was Mendez who interrupted the conversation. He poked his head around the door, grinning broadly.

"I see the silver is being polished up nice and bright for Mr. Russell," he said. "And who are you going to all this trouble for? A man carried off by the Apaches when he was a child, raised among red devils to *be* a red devil. And I'll tell you something else about him. When old man Russell found him among some army prisoners at Fort Thomas, and took him into his home, and gave him his name, this ingrate ran away. He had no use for white men or their ways. So don't waste your time with that. He eats with his fingers."

Jessie seemed unruffled by this news. "When I get done with him, he'll be eating out of my hand," she said with a smile.

Mendez just laughed.

THE rough little wooden room was part barber shop and part bathhouse. Russell sat in one of the two chairs, a sheet draped around him, a cascade of hair spilling down the front. No longer was he an extraordinary

reason for wanting – fast !

THE CAST

John Russell	Paul Newman
Alexander Favor	Frederic March
Cicero Grimes	Richard Boone
Jessie Brown	Diane Cilento
Audra Favor	Barbara Rush
Henry Mendez	Martin Balsam
Frank Braden	Cameron Mitchell
Doris Blake	Margaret Blye
Billy Lee Blake	Peter Lazer
Steven Early	James "Skip" Ward
Lamarr Dean	David Canary

figure to be stared at but a strikingly handsome man.

As the elderly Chinaman worked on him, Braden entered the shop and fell into the other chair. As he settled back his eye caught Russell's in the mirror.

"Just come into town?" he asked casually.

"That's right," said Russell, as laconic as ever.

Braden surveyed the heap of hair on the floor.

"John Russell, aren't you?"

"All right," said Russell. "Then what?"

"I thought you'd be an older man?"

"With any luck I will be."

Braden, tired of trying to draw his man, introduced himself. But the fact he was the sheriff seemed to make no impression on Russell.

"I spent all morning looking into you," said Braden. "Turned up quite a lot of stuff. You raise horses all right—but you've raised a little hell in your time, too. You started when you were 16. Shot up two men in a gunfight. Isn't that the story?"

"You're telling it."

"When you were 17 you showed up in Texas and backed right out again. They say you killed two brothers. You weren't even old enough to vote when you shot Charley Gibbon to death in Santa Fe. It's a long list. Nobody's been able to hold you on any of it, but I don't want it to get any longer while you're here in Sweetmary. So I'd be obliged if you'd put up your gun with the nearest storekeeper."

"I don't think I can do that," said Russell calmly.

"Mr. Russell, I'm going to be 41 in December," said Braden, equally as calm as the other man. "I got a leg that aches like hell from an old gunshot wound whenever it rains. I like to go home and ease my bunions out of my boots and be in bed by ten o'clock." He paused. "But if I see you wearing your gun in town I'm gonna take it off you."

Russell looked at him courteously. "You ought to get some liniment for that leg." And with that he put a coin down for the Chinaman and walked from the shop.

JESSIE was taking down the wash when Russell arrived at the boarding house. But soon she was putting him in the picture.

"This house has got ten rooms, two flights of stairs and one woman to keep it all nailed down. That's me. Now how do you feel about going into business with me? These are the accounts. You'll clear 300 dollars a year without lifting a finger—and have a place to hang your hat besides."

"I usually throw my hat on the bed," said Russell.

Jessie eyed him coolly. "Sorry," she said, "there's one there already."

"It interests me," he went on. "It's the first thing you've said that does."

"What about the house?" persisted Jessie.

"I've had an offer on it for a herd of horses down in Contention. I'm gonna take it."

JESSIE was dumbfounded and terribly upset at the news. But there it was—and she knew then what she wanted to do. After leaving Russell she made straight for the jailhouse. There she confronted Braden.

"Russell is selling the house and I'm high and dry," she said, trying to hide her emotions. "I want you to make an honest woman out of me, Frank."

It pained him to say it but he knew there was only one answer. "Not a chance, Jessie."

Jessie sat quietly for a while. When she spoke her voice was soft.

"I've gone this far," she said. "So if it's not too undignified for me to ask, why not?"

Braden was savage with his answer.

"I've been working since I was ten, cleaning out spittoons at a dime a day," he almost shouted. "And now it's 30 years later, and all I can see out the front door here is a dirt road going nowhere. Saturday nights I haul in the town drunks and get their 25-cent dinners and their rot-gut liquor heaved up all over the front of my one good shirt. I wear five pounds of iron strapped to my leg, and that makes me fair game for any punk cowboy who's had one too many. Lady," he added harshly, "I don't need a wife. I need *out*."

THE hand-painted sign above the counter of the stage coach line waiting room read: "Service suspended." Jessie, however, dressed in travelling clothes and perched on an upended brass-studded trunk, was not having it. "I want to get out now," she insisted. "Think of something, Henry."

But Mendez could think of nothing and, finally, Billy Lee, who had been working quietly in a corner of the room, escorted Jessie to the local hotel.

"I've got Doris packed and waiting," Billy Lee told her. "We're going to Bisbee—or else. She wants to go to a big town."

Although, at first, their chance of getting away seemed remote, it was made to look far brighter when Alexander and Audra Favor appeared at the stage line waiting room. Alexander was a man of about 60, and there seemed to be about him a massive indifference to the opinions of other people. His wife was a beautiful woman, stoic, isolated.

It was Audra Favor who made it clear she was determined to leave town for Bisbee that night. At first Mendez said is was impossible, but when she started flashing money under his nose he began to reconsider his decision.

"We've got a mud wagon," Billy Lee urged. "Me and Doris want to get out of here. So does Jessie."

"And Russell's looking for a ride, too . . ." said Mendez thoughtfully.

"Then let's go," put in Billy Lee enthusiastically. "I can handle the horses. You don't have to worry."

"Don't intend to," replied Mendez. "I'm gonna drive."

BILLY LEE went off to fetch the mud wagon. The coach was smaller than average and almost completely open with its canvas side curtains rolled up and fastened. Four horses were in the harness, with two spares at the rear.

Inside the waiting room most of the passengers had already gathered. Jessie and Doris sat on opposite sides of the room, and a soldier in a faded, dusty blue uniform was leaning on the counter.

Russell was also waiting, sitting on a bench along the wall.

The silence of the room was shattered by the entrance of a mean, thin and stringy man wearing range clothes. He faced Billy Lee.

"Cicero Grimes," he said.

"Yes, sir?" said Billy Lee nervously.

"Write it down for that coach out front," replied Grimes.

"I'm afraid that one's full up."

Grimes looked around the room and his eyes settled on the soldier.

"I guess I'll use your ticket," he said—and such was the menace in his voice that soon the soldier was in no mood to argue.

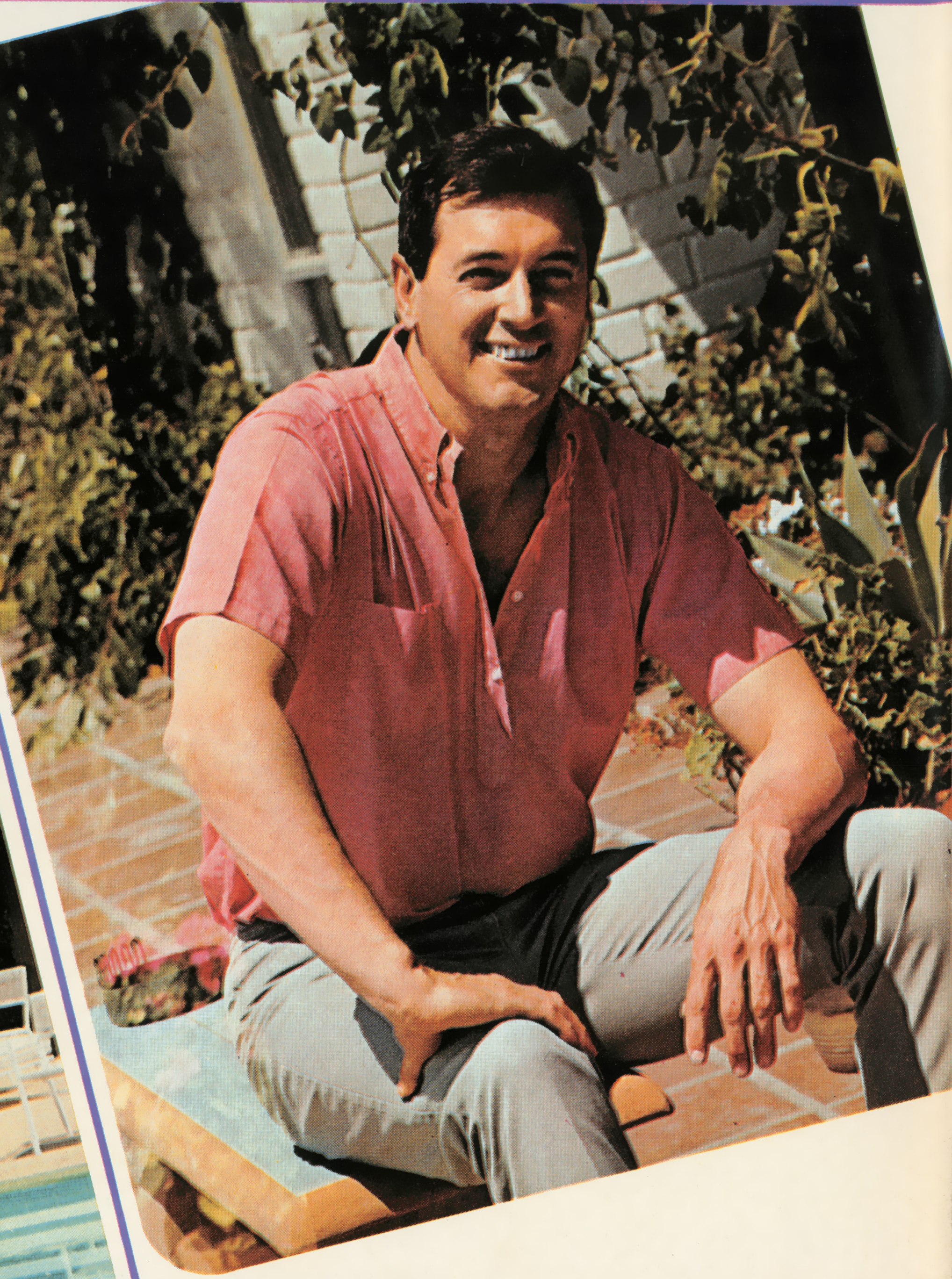
BILLY LEE finished putting the last of the luggage in the rear end boot and then climbed in to join Russell, Jessie, Doris and Grimes. The Favors approached the wagon and Mendez came around to offer Mrs. Favor a lift up. Once the couple were abroad, he dropped the side curtains, obscuring the passengers, took his maleta bag and sawed-off shotgun, and hoisted himself up into the driver's seat.

Then the whip cracked, the horses strained and the wagon moved off on its journey . . .

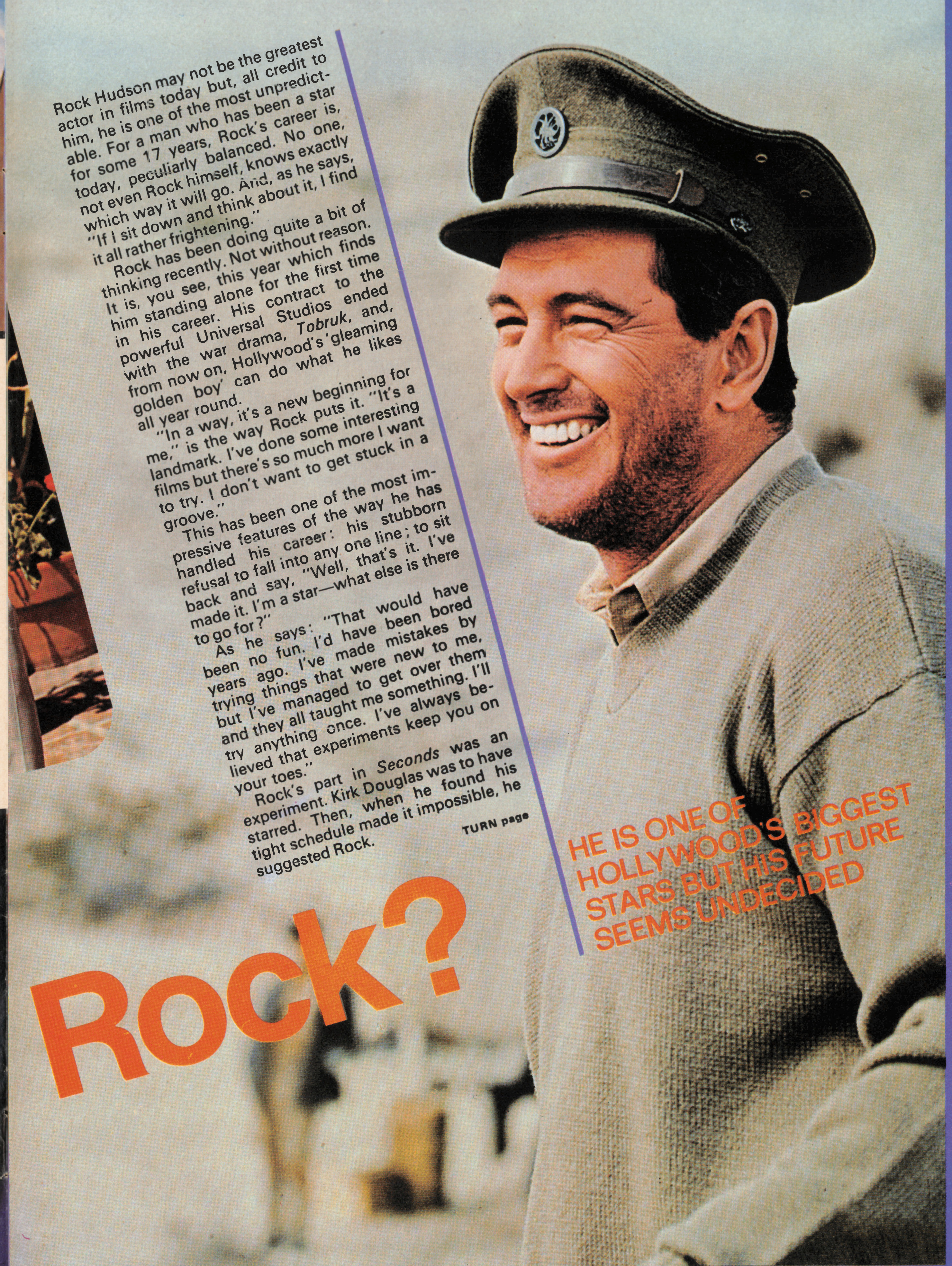
NEXT MONTH: The journey and its consequences.

AT HOME. Rock Hudson, one of the world's top ten film stars, Hollywood's most eligible bachelor and president of his own Gibraltar Productions, relaxes at his luxurious Californian home. Complete with swimming-pool, of course.

Now that his Universal contract is over, he has plenty of time to relax. "It's good to take things easy," he comments. "And to take stock of myself. I've had a good run—now I'm in charge of where I run from here on. I'm picking all my own films now—that's going to be fun."



Where now,



Rock?

HE IS ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST STARS BUT HIS FUTURE SEEMS UNDECIDED

Rock Hudson may not be the greatest actor in films today but, all credit to him, he is one of the most unpredictable. For a man who has been a star for some 17 years, Rock's career is, today, peculiarly balanced. No one, not even Rock himself, knows exactly which way it will go. And, as he says, “If I sit down and think about it, I find it all rather frightening.”

Rock has been doing quite a bit of thinking recently. Not without reason. It is, you see, this year which finds him standing alone for the first time in his career. His contract to the powerful Universal Studios ended with the war drama, *Tobruk*, and, from now on, Hollywood's 'gleaming golden boy' can do what he likes all year round.

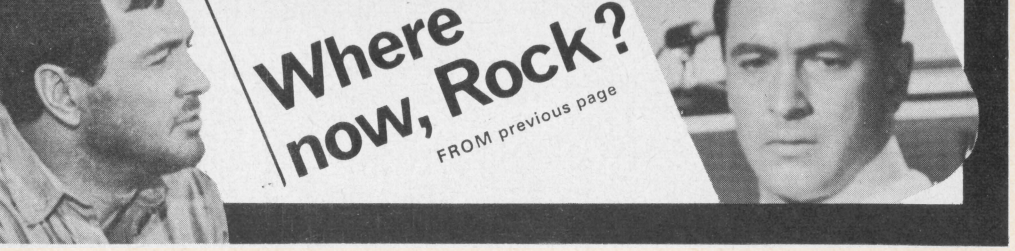
“In a way, it's a new beginning for me,” is the way Rock puts it. “It's a landmark. I've done some interesting films but there's so much more I want to try. I don't want to get stuck in a groove.”

This has been one of the most impressive features of the way he has handled his career: his stubborn refusal to fall into any one line; to sit back and say, “Well, that's it. I've made it. I'm a star—what else is there to go for?”

As he says: “That would have been no fun. I'd have been bored years ago. I've made mistakes by trying things that were new to me, but I've managed to get over them and they all taught me something. I'll try anything once. I've always believed that experiments keep you on your toes.”

Rock's part in *Seconds* was an experiment. Kirk Douglas was to have starred. Then, when he found his tight schedule made it impossible, he suggested Rock.

TURN page



Where now, Rock?

FROM previous page

"I know one wouldn't imagine Rock to be the best actor to play a part vacated by me, but I knew he could do it," said Kirk. "He's versatile."

Even so, *Seconds* was a daring departure from such cosy comedies as *A Very Special Favour* and the light-hearted thriller, *Blindfold*. It was also completely different from those frothy frolics with Doris Day. Anyone who saw Rock in *Pillow Talk* and *Send Me No Flowers*—he was on a comedy-kick at the time—would not have imagined he was soon to turn up in a film like *Seconds*.

Indeed, so good was Rock in these romantic comedies, that most show business insiders suggested Rock's future was set. He was, without a doubt, the man to succeed Cary Grant as the No. 1 romantic comedy star. But Mr. Unpredictable had other ideas.

Of course, *Seconds* was not a complete surprise to everyone. Rock's closest film friends have always known he would never be completely happy appearing only in romps such as *Man's Favourite Sport, Strange Bedfellows* and the Doris Day fun features.

"Rock's rather like me," said Doris recently. "He's always looking for something different. Neither of us is happy once people start putting us in little boxes carefully labelled 'dramatic actor', 'classical actor', 'comedy actor' or whatever."

Although *Seconds* was by no means Rock's first major drama it was, from a personal point of view, his most successful. He will not thank you for mentioning dramas such as *Battle Hymn*, *Giant* and *Farewell To Arms*. His performances in these pictures lacked polish and poise. He did not seem able to get to grips with them. Indeed, at that time in his career, only one picture showed promise of what was to come and that was *Something Of Value*. This was an eye-opener to the many who predicted that Hollywood's 'pretty boy' would never emerge as an actor of true depth and power.

It was a splendid kick in the teeth for the film gossip writer who said: "He's a Hollywood-made personality. The light in his eyes is only as hot as the electricians can get it, and his dialogue should be dubbed."

"That kind of remark doesn't worry me any more," says Rock with a grin. "I am not nearly as nervous as I used to be. At first I had no confidence at all—what with all the sneers thrown at me about my name and lack of talent. But I've learned a hell of a lot. I agree I used to be terrible. Not long ago I ran an old film of mine. And I looked at this thing—*me*—and I couldn't believe it. There wasn't one bit of expression on my face and I looked about 16. I tell you, I damn near burned the film."

But what of the future? Now that his contract is over, does he have definite plans?

"I realise there has been no sensible pattern to my career," he says. "I've played just about everything and, frankly, if you asked me what I want to play in the future I couldn't answer you. However, I am trying to sort myself out in stages. For instance, my film company will now get my full attention. I read dozens of scripts a week. I'm picking my own films from now on instead of relying on a studio to sort them out for me. It's going to be fun. I always did want to be my own boss! And now I am!"

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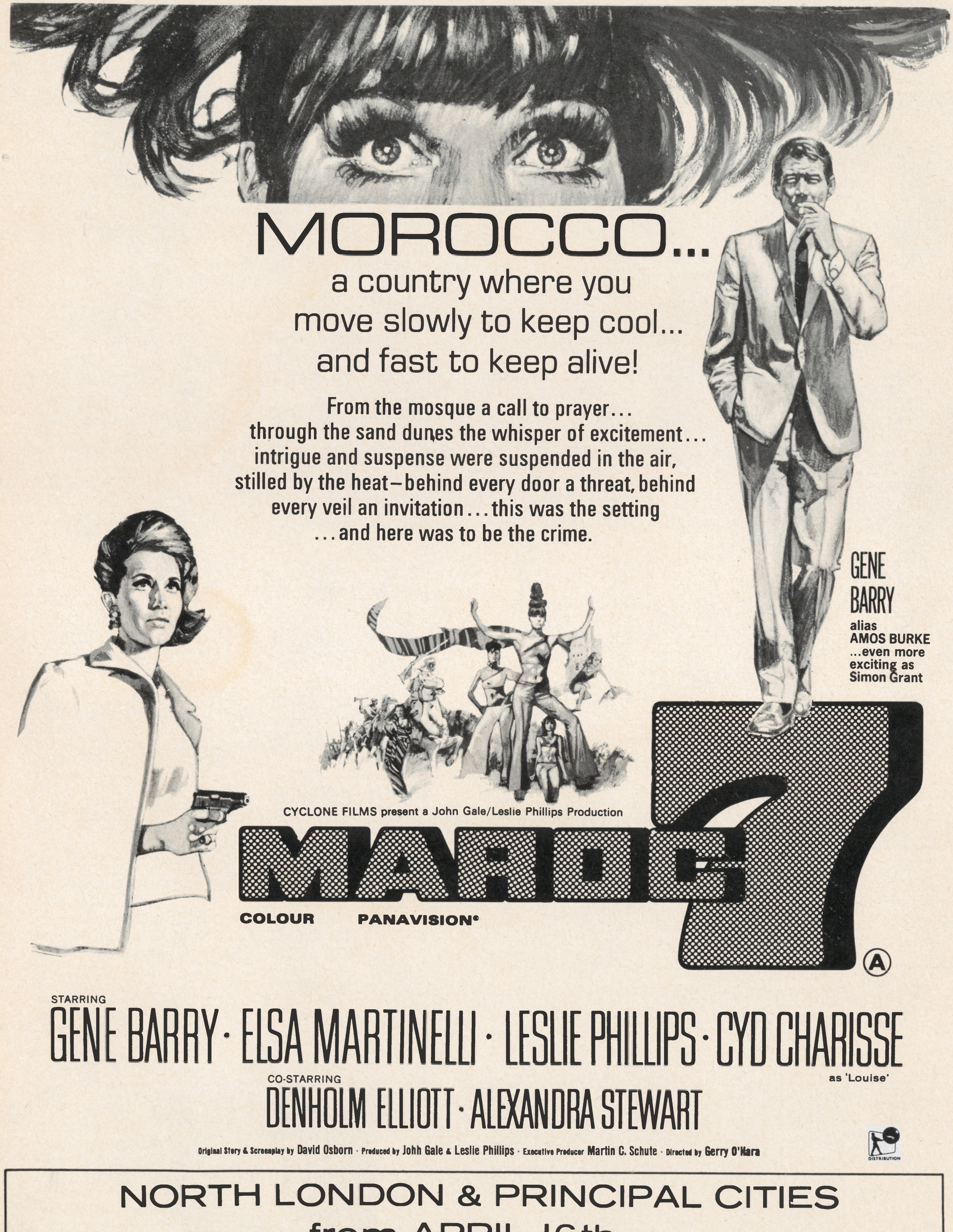

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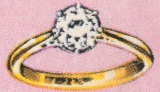

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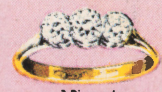

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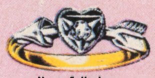

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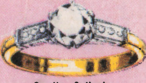

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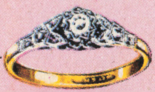

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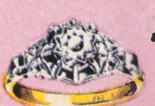

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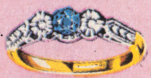

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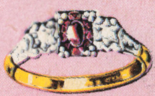

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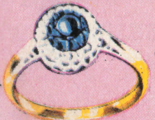

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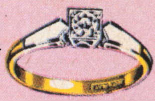

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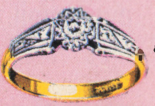

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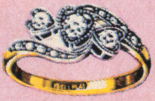

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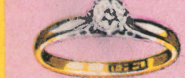

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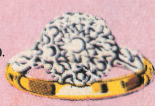

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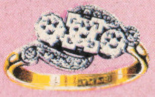

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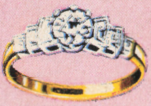

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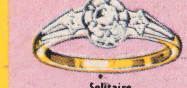

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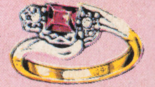

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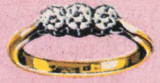

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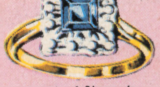

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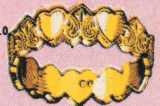

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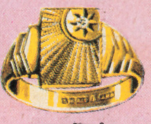

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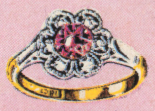

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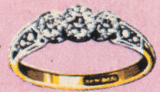

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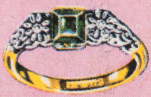

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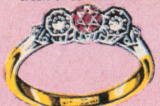

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